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A YOUNG MAN applied to a medical school for admission. He was well prepared, but he filled out the application blank too accurately. He stated that he was an agnostic, and received this answer:

DEAR SIR: I have been requested to advise you that the Committee on Admissions has examined your credentials and recommends that you be not admitted because no one can be an acceptable doctor who does not believe in God.

Sincerely yours,

VERONICA DOOLEY, Registrar.

It was Loyola College of Medicine, part of a Catholic university, which refused to teach an agnostic to cure disease. Its attitude throws light on the ardent desire of the Mexicans to rid themselves of Catholic control of their schools.

THE REMARKABLE and most disgraceful fact about the Republican Senatorial primaries in Illinois is the amount contributed in behalf of public-utility interests. Since our brief comment on the subject last week, the investigating committee has brought to light contributions totaling almost \$1,000,000, and there is probably more to be accounted for. Although this sum is only a third of what was used in Pennsylvania, the sinister fact stands out that a fourth of the amount was public-utility money, most of which went into the successful campaign of Frank

L. Smith, who was and still is chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, with wide regulatory powers over gas, electricity, and street railways. Of the \$241,234 of public-utility contributions four-fifths was put up by Samuel Insull, who controls the Commonwealth Edison Company and other similar companies. Mr. Insull gave \$125,000 to the Smith campaign direct and \$33,734 indirectly for anti-World Court propaganda. Ira A. Copley and Clement Studebaker, prominent in the public-utilities field, gave \$25,000 and \$20,000 respectively to the Smith war chest. In view of the enthusiastic support of Mr. Smith by the utility interests it would doubtless be a good thing for Illinois to have him plucked from the chairmanship of its Commerce Commission, but it would be a danger to the people of the United States to accomplish this by sending him to Washington as a Senator.

IT WOULD BE HARD to find a more convincing illustration of the futility of that vague liberalism which crystallized about Theodore Roosevelt in the early years of this century than the career of Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa, who died on July 30, at the age of seventy-six years. Senator Cummins's life was the picturesque and varied romance of self-building that was typical of most Americans of his era. Brought up by his father as a carpenter, he later drifted accidentally into surveying and became a successful builder of railroads. He threw this work over to study law and then went into politics. When he was sent to the United States Senate eighteen years ago he was regarded as a progressive if not a radical. He fought his party, the Republican, for tariff reduction, and although not formally affiliated with Mr. Roosevelt's Progressives he declared in 1912 that he would not vote for President Taft. Then came a gradual hardening of his liberal arteries. In 1919 he was one of the authors of the Esch-Cummins act, a decidedly pro-railroad measure, and his last year in the Senate found him a thick-and-thin supporter of Coolidge and Coolidgeism.

AMERICA'S PROPOSAL to carry further the limitation of naval construction agreed to by Great Britain and Japan at the Washington conference called by President Harding has come to naught, according to a dispatch from Geneva to the New York World. Japan informally accepted our invitation for a conference to extend the 5-5-3 agreement, but Great Britain, says the World correspondent, has refused. A number of reasons are assigned, including the reported reluctance of the British Admiralty to reduce its cruiser strength in the face of the extensive submarine program of France and Italy, but Senator Borah puts his finger on an indirect but probable cause of Great Britain's fear when he recalls our own refusal to recognize Russia, and the general failure to receive that nation into the fold of international comity. Senator Borah reminds us that some time ago Great Britain was declared to be unwilling further to curtail her navy until other countries reduced their land forces. "There will be no land disarmament," Mr. Borah observes, "so long as Russia, with an army of

some 700,000, is treated as an outcast among nations. The Russian problem must be settled before European armies are reduced."

THE FARCE of the reservations laid down by us as a condition to entering the World Court should become increasingly evident with the announcement that after six months' time only three of the forty-two nations adhering to the tribunal have accepted our proposals. The three nations that have accepted our reservations are Cuba, Greece, and Liberia. Fourteen countries, including Great Britain, Japan, Italy, and Belgium, have not even acknowledged receipt of the State Department's communication; nineteen have returned simple acknowledgments; six have stated that they are reserving decision. The State Department regards this situation as "perfectly normal." So do we if by that is meant natural or inevitable. It has seemed to us ever since the Senate passed its extraordinary reservations that it was highly improbable that they would be accepted by the members of the World Court or, if they were, that we would make an effective use of the international tribunal. Doubtless the reservations were swallowed by some genuine but not too acute friends of the World Court in the Senate, but a great number of our legislators must have voted for the limitations with a ghoulish satisfaction that thereby they were ditching the measure while ostensibly "standing by the President." The actual decision on our reservations will presumably take place at the international conference called to consider them in Geneva in September, but our refusal to send delegates to this meeting seems to preclude the possibility of progress there through compromise.

IT WILL NOT BE THE FAULT of the "Citizens' Committee of Passaic, Clifton, Garfield, and Wallington" if the textile strike in that section is settled. The hopeful intervention of Senator Borah, the more friendly attitude of the American Federation of Labor, the expressed willingness of Weisbord (the strike leader who has been attacked because he is a Communist) to step out in favor of a committee of outside sympathizers which has been given power to negotiate terms—these steps may eventually lead to peace. But the so-called Citizens' Committee does its utmost to prolong and intensify the war. The other day the newspapers printed a story released by the committee purporting to give "incontestable documentary evidence that the strike of the woolen textile workers . . . is engineered from the headquarters in Chicago of the Communist Party of America." The evidence consisted of a letter from the National Pioneer Department of the Young Workers' League to the Pioneer Department of District Two—which seems to include several Eastern States. The letter outlines a rather pretentious plan for utilizing the events of the Passaic strike for Communist propaganda in the district. It urges discussion among young people of the lessons of the strike, the formation of relief committees among workers' children of all shades of radicalism, and other similar activity in and out of Passaic. There is not a hint in the entire document that the author has or is trying to exercise any influence over the strike leaders or the conduct of the strike. In fact it concludes rather plaintively:

In spite of the fact that we have asked several times we have not yet received any definite information as to the situation in Passaic. We still don't know how many child-

workers there are, how many are involved in the strike, how close they are to us, how many strikers' children there are, etc. We don't even know whether we have a Pioneer organization in Passaic although we assume we have. Please send us a detailed report on all these matters.

THIS IS THE DOCUMENT which offers the "incontestable evidence" of Communist control of the strike. It is described by the Citizens' Committee as a "Letter to Weisbord"—which is patently false. The Citizens' Committee headlines the letter thus: "Communist Party Chief Directing Passaic Strike from Chicago Office," and the facsimile letter is said to be "from the headquarters of the Communist Party of America to Passaic strike leaders." Is it asking too much of the *New York Times* or the *New York World*, which pride themselves on accuracy in news, that they investigate a news release like this before printing it? It would have been easy to find out from the local office of the Workers' Party what the Pioneer Department of the Young Workers League was up to, and what its connection was with the Passaic strike. It would have been easier still to scrutinize the "evidence," which was kindly provided by the Citizens' Committee, and then, in the interests of honesty, to throw it all in the waste basket.

ALBERTA, CANADA, is largely populated by farmers. This being true one would expect to find the province in the hands of a government made up of bankers, lawyers, grain dealers, and professional politicians. Strangely, this is not the case; Alberta is run by farmers. In 1921 the United Farmers of Alberta went into politics, and when the smoke of the provincial election battle of that year cleared away it was found that the farmers had captured thirty-eight of the sixty seats in the provincial legislature. On June 28, 1926, another election was held and the U. F. A. won forty-four seats, which, with the six seats won by Labor, left the old parties smaller and weaker even than before. The United Farmers of Alberta is not a political party. It is an industrial organization with a paid-up membership. It went into politics as a class-conscious union; it has held its ranks and kept its character through five years of power and reelected itself with a triumphant majority. "Class government" is freely denounced by persons of all parties—even such as support Mr. Pepper for the United States Senate. It is interesting to note some of the results of class government in Alberta. In five years the farmers' Government cleaned up a legacy of debts left by the old Liberal Government, wiped out an annual deficit of \$2,000,000, and balanced the budget. At the same time it has improved government service and eliminated much obvious corruption. The farmers of Alberta believe that their government has succeeded for one reason—that it represents a solid, well-organized class, instead of the usual hodge-podge of conflicting interests and apathies represented in the ordinary political party.

A "WHITE-COLLAR STRIKE" is a rare bird, and a successful white-collar strike is even more remarkable. Organization in the professions has almost invariably broken against stone walls of prejudice or indifference in the workers themselves. But on June 30 the engineers in Chicago's department of engineering walked out, and twenty-four hours later returned with a 30 per cent increase in wages. The prospect of suspension of civic improvements, which were costing \$10,000,000, convinced the city

councilmen that the minimum wage of the engineers should be increased from \$160 to \$230 a month and the maximum from \$708 to \$900. The union, which is a member of the American Federation of Labor, is now 800 strong. During the past month organization of the technical men employed by New York City too has gone vigorously forward. Two hundred and fifty engineers voted to join the union; a referendum is planned among a thousand more. The white-collar worker is learning the strength of unity.

WE HOPE that the cotton manufacturers may draw some useful lessons from the men's clothing industry. Once the men's clothing industry was the black sheep of American business. It had the twelve-hour day and sweatshop wages. It spent much of its energy in union-smashing lockouts. The industry was corrupted by sharp business practices. Then gradually both capital and labor learned the lesson of organization. Finally the day came when a national clothing manufacturers' association and a national union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, established reasonable conditions for the whole industry. The employers united against any manufacturer who refused to cooperate in maintaining the standards of the industry. The workers have doubled their wages, and won the eight-hour day and union protection, while the manufacturers are making more money than they made in the days of chaotic competition, and economies in technical processes have saved the consumer from exploitation. That is the kind of organization which the cotton industry needs.

THE NEWS that the cotton manufacturers of the country are forming a gigantic combine to control output may arouse some apprehension in the minds of those who know the power of industrial combination to squeeze the consumer. But if there is one industry in the United States that has paid a penalty for disorganization it is the cotton industry. Overdevelopment, miscalculation of markets, and competition have left empty villages in the North and appalling poverty in the South. Women workers in Southern mills average less than \$12.50 a week; a Georgia professor discovered a woman working in an Athens textile mill last year for \$3.50 a week for an eleven-hour day. In spite of these low wages and favorable tariff there is no guaranty of steady work even in the South. Scores of mills are working half-time, nearly all have curtailed production, many are losing money. Judged by every standard of human and material efficiency the cotton-manufacturing industry is a disgrace to American business. It pays lower wages, has longer hours, and probably hires more workers than any other factory trade in the United States.

THE PRAYERS OF MEXICAN CATHOLICS for miraculous intervention against Article 130 of the Constitution did not go unanswered. In San Luis a group which had gathered before the closed church heard footsteps and the sound of a bell within. Women declared that they could see the image of the Holy Virgin walking up and down the nave of the church, moaning and lamenting her captivity. The excited crowd sought to break down the doors and liberate their patron. A police inspector arrived, obtained the attention of the crowd, and then courteously addressed himself to the image. If the Virgin, he said,

would be good enough to come out into the streets of the city, he would himself accompany her on her nocturnal walks. "The image," says the *Rumbus Nuevos*, "did not take advantage of the offer." Some unbelievers insisted that Franciscans had entered the church by a secret door, but this was not confirmed; in any case, the empty church thereafter remained silent. Another miracle, in San Pedro, received ruder treatment. A family announced that an image of the Heart of Jesus, kept under a glass case in a niche in their home, was weeping. The community flocked to see the miracle, which they interpreted as a symbol of divine sorrow at the persecution of the church. But the agnostic mayor looked more closely, and found that bits of wax and a strong lamp behind the image cooperated to produce the tears. Thereupon the owners of the image were imprisoned. Earnest Catholics must deplore such humanly arranged divine interventions, which add complexities to an already complex situation.

"DANGEROUS THOUGHTS" flitting through the minds of Japanese university students are again disturbing the authorities. Mr. Okada, the Minister of Education, recently called together the heads of the Tokio colleges and recommended suppression of student organizations for the study of perilous subjects like sociology and socialism. The *Tokio Kokumin* says that at a supposedly secret conference held in the Ministry the Vice Minister declared that the secret police had discovered 1,500 students who were thinking dangerously and had put their names upon a student black-list at the Police Department. Meanwhile the Kobe customs officials announced with horror that they had confiscated a consignment of books, including a life of Lenin, sent from Moscow to students at Waseda University. The immediate results of these deliberations were not encouraging. Students in fifteen higher schools have joined in a League for the Defense of Freedom, and the net result has undoubtedly been to advertise the fascinating perils which the Minister wanted to suppress. Japan offers curious contrasts between the absurd medievalism of Mr. Okada and the fresh adventuresomeness of these students; but there can be little question of the direction in which she is traveling. The *Kobe Chronicle* reminds us that it was only three-quarters of a century ago that Yoshida Shoin had his head cut off for suggesting that a few young men should study foreign ideas in order to know how to combat foreign influences; and the spirit of "Present Day Japan," just issued by the *Asahi*, a newspaper with a larger circulation than any American daily can boast, is evidence of the growing liberalism of young Japan.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION from matters of finance the French Chamber of Deputies recently found time to pass a measure declaring the sale of "pacifiers" for babies illegal. The momentous decision was recorded by a vote of 370 to 153 after an able address by Dr. Pinard, a member of the Chamber and sponsor of the measure, who vividly depicted the dangers facing the rising generation unless the use of these diabolic devices was summarily suppressed. A chemist who attempted to defend the despised "pacifier," on the ground that babies without this diversion might be inclined to resort to buttons or similar "bootleg pacifiers," received scant encouragement for his pains. This is a prohibition age.

Putting Mexico in Her Place

THOSE weeping women, those long lines of last-minute communicants, the edicts and excommunications, the huge popular demonstrations for and against the Government—the whole vast picture reflected in the cabled dispatches from Mexico—are only new scenes in a centuries-old drama, and there is hardly an action or a phrase that could not be matched from the history of disestablishment in other countries. The secular authority of the church dies hard; church and state have never been separated without a struggle, nor church control of the life and thought of a nation thrown off without violence and bitterness.

Mexico's history is particularly full of the bigotry of the church. It is a curious and often-forgotten fact that Mexico owes her independent existence to her reactionary church. The rich and powerful bishops who controlled Mexico a century ago crushed in blood the popular uprisings led by the parish priests Hidalgo and Morelos from 1810 to 1815; but when Spain herself turned liberal and adopted a potentially anti-clerical constitution they feared for their own dominating position and in 1820 sponsored a new independence movement which of course succeeded. Mexico's first revolution was a revolution to save the established church and the large estates, in opposition to religious toleration. Forty years later, when, under the Indian patriot Juarez, this bishop-born republic became liberal and anti-clerical, the ecclesiastics turned again to monarchy. After the downfall of the butcher Miramon they supported the sickly regime of the Emperor Maximilian. The Juarez constitution of 1857 remained on the statute-books—indeed in 1872 its anti-clerical clauses were intensified—but it was never enforced. Through successive regimes the church maintained its control, defying these mere scraps of paper. Sporadic outbursts of hostility to its domination never got beyond the law-making stage until the advent of President Calles.

The Roman Catholic church in Mexico has not built up a strong native priesthood; it has not used its opportunity as almost sole custodian of the education of the people. Rather, it has guarded its property and fought those who sought to alter its position, repeating the bitter history of the battles of church and state in other countries. Even in Spain, "most Catholic of countries," this war has waged in our own day. The church fought, in 1910, a decree ordering collection of taxes from religious bodies carrying on commercial and industrial enterprises! And when the Government sought to establish "liberty of conscience" for those of other than the Catholic faith the cry of persecution of the church rent the air. Seventy-two Spanish archbishops and bishops united in a protest to the Government—a tactic singularly like that adopted in Mexico today.

The current Catholic pleas for "liberty of conscience," indeed, must make an historian smile. It is less than a century since Gregory XVI issued an encyclical denouncing "the absurd and erroneous maxim, or rather insanity, that liberty of conscience should be procured and guaranteed to every one." "With this," he added, "is connected the liberty of publishing any writing of any kind. This is a deadly and execrable liberty for which we cannot feel sufficient horror." The Syllabus of 1864 and the encyclical *Pascendi gregis* of 1905 repeated the pontifical sneers at

"liberty of conscience." The Catholic church has seldom inculcated tolerance; and if the Mexican Government shows intolerance toward it today it is in no small measure responsible for its own troubles.

We would not defend intolerance; we do not defend in every detail the present policy of the Mexican Government; but we believe it important that Mexico's policy be set against its historical background. This is no isolated outburst of Ku Klux Klanism; it is a belated chapter in the national history of our neighbor-republic. The United States is fortunate that from its beginning as a nation church and state have been separated; it has had so many sects that it has scarcely felt the threat of domination by one organized body filled with the passion of religious faith. Even without an established church it has seen enough of religious bigotry to make Americans pause before attempting to judge Mexico.

No people is safe in the hands of an established church owing primary allegiance to a foreign potentate, and no truly modern country endures foreign control of its religious life. Even Spain has struggled to free itself from control by the Church of Rome. Italy's conflict was so bitter that to this day the Pope refuses to cross the Tiber and step upon Italian soil. France went to the verge of revolution twenty years ago in her battle to free herself of the incubus of the church. Twenty-two years ago, prohibiting members of the religious orders from teaching, she closed 24,000 schools, and without that act she might never have attained her great public-school system of today. Aristide Briand, ten times her Prime Minister, first made his name known beyond St. Etienne when he brought in a report recommending abrogation of the Concordat and disestablishment of the church. In France, too, the church yielded nothing willingly. The law provided that the bishops might remain in their palaces for two years, and that the presbyteries and seminaries might continue five years, but the church, demanding all, conceded nothing, and intransigently refused the half loaf offered her. She has long since regretted her folly. She did not, in the case of France, make such an effort to create and use international hostility as a weapon as she has made against Mexico, but the difference is to be traced to Mexico's lesser size and weakness.

Thus far the Mexican struggle has proceeded peacefully. The church seems already to regret its haste in ordering religious services suspended; perhaps it recognizes how remote such a measure is from the spirit of Jesus. The members of the Confederation of Labor have marched, fifteen thousand strong, through the streets and past the churches of the capital, pledging their support to the Government; and no untoward incident occurred. Wild rumors of riots and killings, as well as of supernatural interventions, have flown about; but the threatened boycott of business seems to have been ineffective, and the passion of the people seems to have been stirred less than the headlines indicated. It may be too much to hope that the Catholic church in Mexico will show the world that it is possible for an established church to resign itself gracefully to a purely religious function; but strange things happen in Mexico.

The Unwilling Censor

THE unhappiest of men is, or ought to be, the man who, because he is a friend of literature, feels forced from time to time to play the role of censor. He may not think of himself as occupying this position, and the public may never be aware that he has joined this profession which, after all, it does not consciously consider objectionable; but the fact remains that against his will he has allied himself with the Comstocks and the Sumners through the mere process of consenting to exercise their function. He is the man, in short, who consents to testify before a court his belief that a given book is not indecent, lewd, disgusting, pornographic, and the rest, but is "art." His friend has written the book, or he knows the publisher, or he perhaps is no more than one who seizes any opportunity to defend the printed word from the hungry hands of moralists. So he steps up before the judge and swears that the author in question had the purest—that is, the most "serious"—of intentions; or he allows his name to be published among those of other men who call the shrinking author blameless.

The embarrassing implication here is that the man who has spoken for the book might have spoken against it—might conceivably cherish the opinion that it is possible for a book to be censorable. A wholly enlightened person will never provoke this suspicion. He will realize that to be a censor who always absolves is after all to be a censor, is to lend support to the institution of censorship; and if he is possessed of a meticulous conscience he will recognize the dishonesty of an attitude which forces him invariably to vote no on a question to which in theory it should be possible to give the answer yes. Such was the predicament of certain citizens who allowed themselves last winter to serve as members of the play jury in New York. They voted to let certain plays live, which was a good thing; but it would have been a better thing in the long run to refuse to vote at all. The citizens referred to, as it happens, did not believe in suppression. The implication, however, was that they did, for they had given countenance to the supposition that there are two ways of answering the question whether a given piece of writing should be removed from the public eye.

What of him who is convinced that the answer must always be no? He will prefer to discuss those books which he has not yet read, those plays he has not yet seen. He will wait for a chance to say: "I have never heard of Rudolpho Lascivio and I have not so much as opened 'The Loves of Messalina'; I naturally cannot decide whether it has merit or no; but I am wholly of the opinion that those people who can or wish to read it should be allowed to read the book." Then, perhaps, he will do what he can to discourage the making of more laws against books for any reason capable of occurring to a legislator's mind; beyond that he will not proceed. He will sigh with relief over his freedom henceforth from the responsibility of passing upon either the art or the morality of authors. Time, he knows, has a way of settling those problems, and settling them very well.

News now comes that copies of a novel written by an American and published in Paris have been confiscated by United States customs officials. A few review copies, sent separately and in advance of this shipment, arrived unmo-

lest in America, and one of them was addressed to *The Nation*. We wish that we had neglected to read our copy of "What Happens," by John Herrmann, before the confiscation took place and before it became probable that we should be asked whether we thought the story harmless. We should so much have preferred to be able to say that of course it was, since all books are; or that if it was harmful, then the world must make up its mind to consider itself harmed—and perhaps later on feel better about it. Many good books that we know, books written by Socrates, the followers of Jesus, Rabelais, John Bunyan, Voltaire, and Bernard Shaw, have been considered harmful, and we are glad to remember that because of this fact people were frightened into reading them. Many bad books that we know have been considered harmful, and it is agreeable to know that most of them already are forgotten. Some of them are still remembered; but we do not grow unhappy over that circumstance either.

"What Happens" is not a very good book, and for that reason perhaps is the best sort of book to defend against censors and customs officials. We cannot pretend that it is great and pure art, though incidentally we should call it art. It is one of several works, published in Paris under the name of The Contact Editions, which have had hard sledding in America, whence all of the authors—Gertrude Stein among them—hail. The story is of a commonplace American high-school boy who falls in love, has experience of women, sells seeds and pearl necklaces, lies and steals upon occasion, and in general exhibits about the same strength of character that failed to distinguish the hero of Theodore Dreiser's recent masterpiece. The author is frank; the material is true; the moral is that human nature, particularly perhaps in America, is weak. "What Happens" is not a bad book. But if it were the worst book we had ever chanced upon we should defend its right to come into the country.

Ulysses Singing

IN the half a dozen years since we pointed out that the unsung life of wandering Negroes in America offered one of the richest fields for picaresque fiction in the world, more and more material has come forward to make good the claim. The latest item is the story of Left Wing Gordon, briefly told by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson in "Negro Workaday Songs," published by the University of North Carolina Press.

If Wing has not yet fallen a victim to any of the mishaps which lie in wait for men of his perilous career, he is no doubt still drifting, in his early thirties, over the continent which he has traveled as others travel counties. Missouri seems to have bred him. "You see, boss, I started travelin' when I was 'leven years ol' an' now I'll be thirty this comin' August 26. I didn't have no father an' mother, so I jes' started somewheres. I'd work fer folks, an' they wouldn't treat me right, so I moved on. An', Lawd, cap'n, I ain't stopped yet." Indeed, the next day, when further inquiries were made about him in the construction camp where he had been found, a fellow-laborer said that Wing had "done gone to Philadelphia."

But in a brief meeting he had given an account of himself which it would be difficult to match. His name was really John Wesley Gordon, but the loss of his right

arm at eighteen had furnished him with a racier title. That loss, however, had apparently no more checked his Odyssey than if he had belonged to the fortunate orders of existence which grow new arms and legs at need. From Missouri he swung in amazing circles through thirty-eight States, always in the underworld of the unskilled laborer, as free as a migratory bird. "Didn't do nothin' in Texas, had a little money to spend," he said. And so was he a person of leisure in Wyoming and Arizona and Massachusetts. He worked on the roads in Florida and South Carolina. He worked on boats in Louisiana, Missouri, and Mississippi; at steel plants in Alabama, New York, and Pennsylvania; in mines in Iowa and West Virginia; in harvest fields in Kansas and South Dakota; on the railroad in Wisconsin and North Dakota; at a hotel in Arkansas; at odd jobs in Illinois, Ohio, Virginia; at a packing house in Nebraska; at a Ford factory in Michigan; at "a maloominium plant" in Tennessee; at unspecified occupations in the District of Columbia, Maryland, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island. During the war he was in a government camp in California. In Georgia, reputed for its hostility to his wayfaring kind, he was "comin' in a hurry, never fooled 'round there much." And once he wandered far into the North to work in a Montreal broom factory.

He did not yield much general information, but he was full of details. For instance, there were the heroines of his innumerable songs.

I had some mighty fine women. Fust one was Abbie Jones, 'bout — Ioway Street. Nex' was in M——, Missouri, Jennie Baker, Susan Baker's daughter. Nex' one St. Louis, lady called Bulah Cotton, Pete Cotton's daughter. Nex' one was in Eas' St. Louis, her name Sylvia Brown. Nex' I had in Poplar Bluff, one dat took my money an' went off. Nex' Laura, she's in Memphis, Tennessee, she's 'nother took my money and gone. Jes' lay down, went to sleep, jes' took money and gone. Wake up sometimes broke an' hongry, they jes' naturally take my money. Nex' woman was at Columbia, S. C., 'bout las' regular one I had, Mamie Willard, mother an' father dead. Sweethearts I can git plenty of if I got money. If I ain't got none I'se sometimes lonesome, but not always, 'cause sometimes dey feel sorry fer you an' treat you mighty fine anyway.

Such a theme did stir Wing to generalization. "Can't count 'em, take me day after tomorrow to count 'em. Find fifteen or twenty in different cities. New Orleans best place to find most fastest, mo' freer women—person find gang of 'em in minute."

If this is not true picaresque material, nothing is. Here is a hero who ransacks the world, on the simple quests of food and love. Space and time do not bind him. His desires and deeds are always simple, and yet always varied by fresh circumstances. And to the qualities of the picaro he adds the qualities of the strolling minstrel. Wing, after working all day, could sing all night, improvising, combining familiar words with new, packing his own experiences into the form of some "blues" air which he had picked up, using a musical arrangement of his own to give variety to a traditional tale. He had traveled farther than Ulysses, and he came singing.

His blues die away on the air. What chronicler will take up his story, or the story of some adventurer like him, and weave it into the tougher fabric of a narrative prose worthy of him?

Israel Zangwill

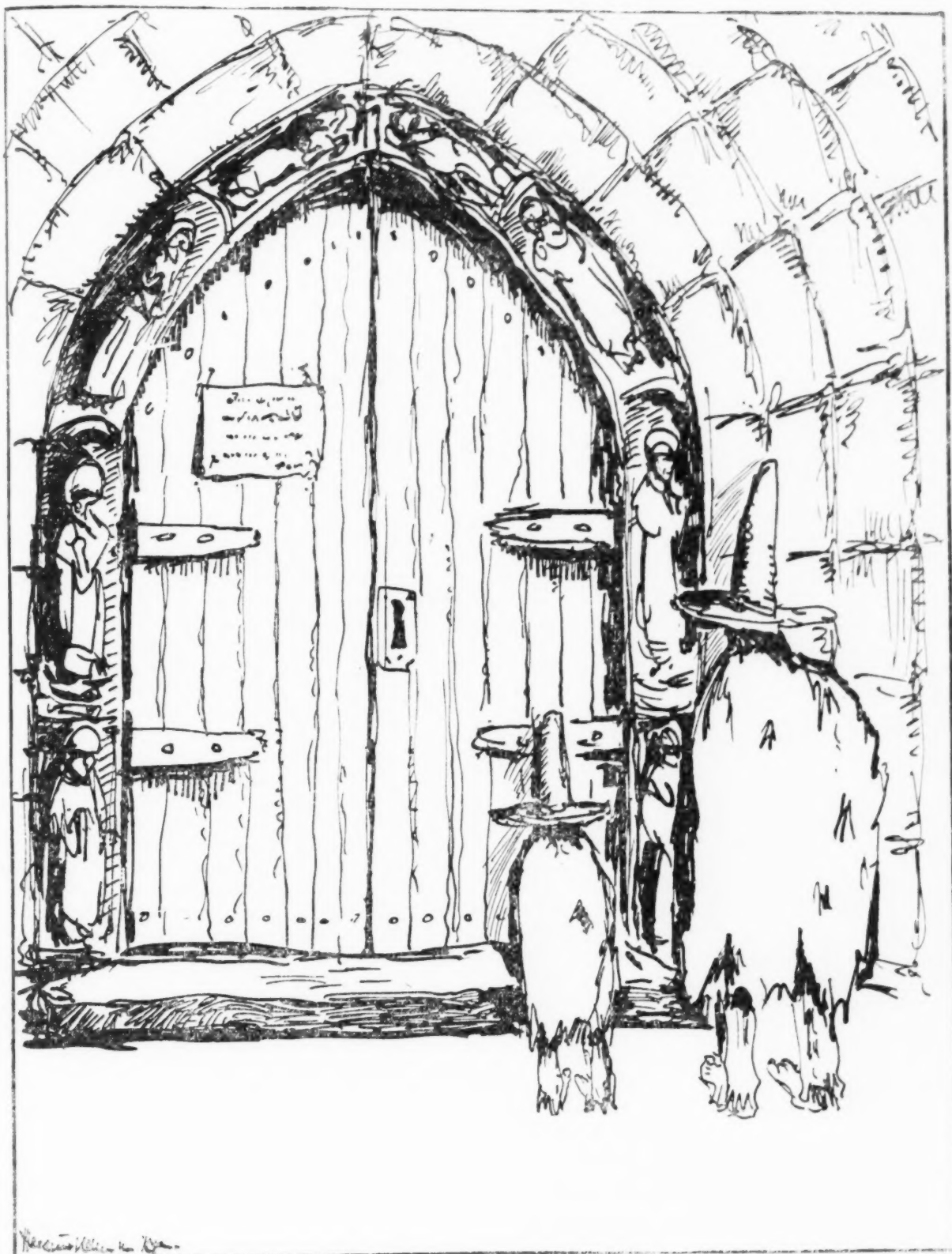
THE world beat Israel Zangwill at his own game. It answered paradox with paradox; it honored the ordinary man of action in a great artist. Thus during his lifetime this cynical sentimentalist, this idealistic iconoclast always found the spotlight of public interest trained on his talent and his ephemeral work rather than on his genius and his enduring works. And at his death the newspaper obituaries, quite characteristically, emphasized his fleeting controversies on Zionism, America, and what-not while they ignored his lasting contributions to literature.

It may be said that Zangwill himself did most to distract attention from his art to his arguments, but this will not be altogether true. With that peculiar unanimity which characterizes English critical opinion the dogma was accepted from the first that Zangwill was a brilliant interloper in the field of English letters to be dealt with justly whenever he appeared on the scene but to be severely let alone between publications. Nor could the genuine enthusiasm aroused by such individual works as the play "Plaster Saints" and the novel "Jinny, the Carrier" sway critics and cataloguers from this doctrine. Partly because his earliest significant work was on Jewish themes, partly because his social activities linked his name so closely with his race Zangwill's writing was not merged in the current of contemporary English literature. Yet it is impossible to deny that he wrote in the English tradition, for "Plaster Saints" and "Jinny," lighter pieces like "The Bachelor's Club," and even the numerous volumes on Jewish subjects reflect a dominant Anglicism of temper and expression.

This the Jews recognized. For them he was ever a great English author who considered sympathetically, if somewhat dogmatically, their problems, their activities, and their ideals. They were grateful for his interest but they seldom appreciated his advice—until too late. His custom of wrapping the pearl of wisdom in the tinfoil of epigram antagonized this literal-minded people. They suspected the sincerity of one who could joke about matters of great seriousness and import, and they failed to see the justice of his comments for the jest.

Zangwill was fully aware of the extent to which his manner injured the substance of his appeals to reason, but he would not change his style. It was a sacrifice he was not prepared to make for any ideal. His case was a practical illustration of Johnson's far-fetched quip about Shakespeare: A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world and was content to lose it. Without doubt it was this trivial weakness that deprived him of the acknowledged leadership in Jewry and—far greater loss—deprived the Jewish people of his leadership. Thus did the writer injure the man, even as the man had injured the author.

Zangwill had much to give to any movement. Capable of enthusiasm and sentimental attachment to an ideal, he nevertheless was not blind to weaknesses in the program for its accomplishment. He saw things early as well as clearly. He not only attacked opponents boldly; he faced facts courageously. In this world so thickly strewn with shams and evils his tendency to lay about him militantly and recklessly did less harm than might have been expected. These virtues, of course, die with the individual; Zangwill's qualities as a writer will not perish so easily.



In Mexico

"Alas! my child, someone smote our Lord."

"And our Lord turned His other cheek?"

"No. He got angry and went away."

My Adopted Mother

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

OTHER people adopt a child, but I have adopted a mother, and her name is Ireland. I know very well how risky such an action is. My own countrymen have for many years regarded me with suspicion on account of it, and no one is more distrusted in Ireland than the Englishman who adopts her cause. My friend Erskine Childers was a mournful instance of that, for in spite of his brilliant mind and devoted sincerity, he was distrusted, or only half trusted, by all Irish parties long before the Free Staters shot him in the prison yard. But I cannot help it. There is something in my nature (perhaps it is the old Celtic name of "Nevin") that makes me look upon Ireland as the most beautiful country in the world and the Irish people as the most akin to myself. And so I cross to Ireland whenever I possibly can, and every time I feel that I am going home.

For the last fifteen years or so my visits have usually been disturbed and often risky. For I was there during the Home Rule troubles, the Carson's Covenant, the formation of the Ulster Volunteers and the Irish Volunteers, the mutiny at the Curragh, the shooting in Bachelor's Walk just before the Great War, the sequels of Easter Week, the attempt of the English Government to enforce conscription, the abominations of the Black-and-Tans, the bitter civil war when the Four Courts was burned, and the prolonged troubles since. But in the visit from which I have just returned I found a hopeful spirit of security and peace. I was not once shot at nor did I see anyone else in danger from violence. That in itself is a vast improvement.

Most people prefer security, as gentlemen prefer blondes. But, of course, there are exceptions, and I think the exceptions to both rules are most common in Ireland. The best type of Irish woman has black hair and gray eyes, and there are large numbers of Irish boys and girls who regard security as tedious. For many years they have lived the life of the films—carrying revolvers, rushing over rivers and mountains on perilous errands, hiding in moorland cottages, climbing over the roofs of cities, lying in ambush for "the enemy," cycling with food and ammunition for "the boys." It was a kind of life well suited to the Irish nature, and hundreds enjoyed it to the full. Especially the young women enjoyed it, and all the romantic traditions and rebellious literature of their country inspired them to believe that no other life was much worth living. No wonder they still yearn for the glamor of adventure and refuse to be comforted by the common light of peace and useful labor.

So the danger still persists, though I think it is dying fast. Adventure and tradition are the two perils that threaten the Free State, and give some appearance of power to the Republican youths and maidens. The power would be greater if they had not yielded to the Irish passion for division into parties ever smaller and smaller. In Dublin I was present at a great meeting in the old Rotunda beside the Maternity Hospital, where I have seen so many hurricane assemblies gather and disperse in storm. How the round building escaped Easter Week I cannot tell, but there it still stands, and in it was crowded a mass of the Dublin people, chiefly the young, all clamoring to depose their late

hero, Mr. De Valera, and to appoint in his place Mr. Art O'Connor as President of the Irish Republic. Old Count Plunkett, who gave one son to execution and another to imprisonment in Easter Week, was in the chair, and Mary MacSwiney was on the platform as the real moving spirit of the new rebellion. A few youths in cloth caps, but wearing a kind of uniform under their coats, and revolvers sticking obviously from their pockets, assumed a martial and dangerous air, but there was nothing more dangerous in the meeting than the customary abuse of England, coupled with brand-new abuse of De Valera, so lately the hero of similar occasions.

The conflict arose over the oath of allegiance to the King as representing the British Commonwealth of Nations. De Valera is willing to take it in order that his party should be represented in the Dail and Senate. But Mary MacSwiney is obdurate. She would leave no sign of connection with hated England. Ireland's separation must be absolute and eternal. In her mind, "England's cruel red" is still the symbol of tyranny, though the red has long given place to khaki, and there is not a single English soldier remaining in the Free State.

The Anglo-Irish Treaty of the winter of 1921-1922 was to me one of the two happiest events of my life. It ended the struggle of seven centuries between my own country and the country of my adoption. I had never hoped to see such a blessed end, nor had Parnell, Redmond, and the other great leaders of Ireland ever thought it possible. It was for Ireland incalculably more than they had ever asked. But to Miss MacSwiney it was nothing. So long as a vestige of English tyranny remained, it was nothing. Well, the eloquent lady has suffered grievously. I shall not forget the day when I marched through London with the procession that escorted her brother Terence's body to the station or that other day in Cork when I marched as representative of the universities behind his coffin up to the great church in Cork and far out to the patriots' cemetery. One cannot argue with a woman who has suffered so much. She has now appointed Mr. Art O'Connor President of her Irish Republic, and he seems a fairly quiet and peaceable sort of person, with far less power of speech than hers, but still considerable power. How far he enjoys his new position I cannot say.

The Republican Party claims for itself the title of "Sinn Fein" to the exclusion of the Free Staters. That is rather hard, for I remember when the phrase was invented about thirty years ago by Arthur Griffith, who will always be remembered as the real founder of the Free State. The words mean "ourselves," and they signified his insistence upon a policy of self-help for Ireland, as distinguished from the old policies of looking for every advantage from the British Government. It was like the "Italia fara per se" of the Italian independence movement seventy years ago. It destroyed the old home-rule movement of the end of last century. It led to Easter Week, out of which the Free State really sprang. But now the Republicans have monopolized the words, and the Free Staters must acquiesce in the theft. What is far more serious to an Irishman, they have

to acquiesce in being regarded as the party of material contentment, uninspired by tradition and unilluminated by romance.

It is quite true. The Free Staters are resolved to give their distressful country at all events an interval of peace. They would even add prosperity. The chief job of Senate and Dail is to clean up the mess of the last ten years. And a hard job it is proving to be! Compensation for the enormous damage inflicted upon country houses and the bridges, upon roads and railways, by the Republicans during the civil war landed the new state into a large national debt, which is being paid off with extraordinary rapidity. I believe at one time it rose to something between £35,000,000 and £40,000,000, but now the Finance Minister tells me it is only about £13,000,000 plus £5,000,000 due to England as the share in the old English debt—the share being reduced to this small amount as balance against the damage done by the Black-and-Tans (now always known as “the Tans”). Such debt as remains is being paid off, some think too rapidly, by maintaining the taxation at the high figure imposed in England during the Great War. As the same authority tells me there are not more than one hundred people in all the Free State with incomes over £5,000 a year, it is evident that there is not much to be gained by supertax or death duties. The Government dares not impose a high income tax in any case, because the farmers, like all farmers, strongly object to paying out hard cash and would raise a revolution rather. So the chief revenue is raised by indirect taxation upon tobacco, wines, spirits, and imports, and the farmers swear at the prices, but pay. Like most of us, they swear and pay.

In regard to finance, it appears to me that nationalism is just about to commit a serious error. The Free State Government has agreed to manufacture a new and separate coinage. I suppose there are people who object to seeing the King's head upon our silver coinage (no gold is now used in either country), and so they have insisted upon having an Irish coinage, as they have Irish postage stamps. Even if the values can be maintained identical (which is very doubtful) this will be an intolerable nuisance to every foreigner visiting Ireland, to every Irishman going to England, and to every Irishman crossing the Ulster frontier either way. Every traveler knows what a plague the variation in Continental coinages becomes as he passes from one country to another, and now, without the smallest necessity except the call of separatism, the Irish Government is about to increase the plague, and render communication between England and their country even more troublesome than it is, and the customs at Dun Leary (Kingstown) and Holyhead give trouble enough. Besides, as much as 98 per cent of the Free State's trade is still done with hated England, and the difference in coinage will make further trouble, becoming unbearable if the standard of value goes up and down.

The dangerous question of the frontier between the Free State and the Six Counties (still sometimes called “Ulster”) has fortunately been, not indeed settled but shelved on a condition of *status quo*. The two most pressing problems now before the Dail are housing and unemployment. There is a lot of building being done around Dublin, especially on the north side and toward Howth, and the new houses are decent little models, usually of the bungalow type, very neat and clean, but too expensive for the Dublin poor. They are rapidly filled by small clerks and officials, but the poor are left in the appalling slums, to which indeed

they cling. Outside Moscow, I have nowhere seen slums so filthy and degrading. They might be show-places of squalor. But the people are long accustomed to them; they like living in the center of life; and what can you do when so many thousands are unemployed?

Out of a population of about 400,000 in Dublin 10,000 are now unemployed. Out of a total of about 3,500,000 in the whole of the Free State about 60,000 are unemployed, and in “Ulster” the proportion is still higher. For our victory over the Germans, whose ships have passed to us, has almost ruined the great shipyards of Belfast, and England has now become so poor that we cannot afford linen sheets and tablecloths, but must put up with cotton. Thus the two main industries of Belfast are checked. In the Free State live many thousand youths who have been “on the run” for years during the “troubles,” have never learned any trade, or indeed worked at anything in particular. The wise and prudent cry “Emigrate! Emigrate!” but where are they to emigrate to? The whole world is getting horribly full, and your country, which would have been their refuge in old days, refuses to receive anyone above the “quota.” A few weeks ago I was out among the rocky islands of the west coast, where the strange and almost foreign population has lived starving for generations on potato patches. The one thought of all the young was to get to America, or at least to Canada, but with every year the blissful change becomes more difficult.

In Dublin I saw crowds of the unemployed marching about in military order, but with no warlike intention. And I saw crowds of them addressed by Jim Larkin, who seems hardly to have changed since I knew him in London thirteen years ago. He has followers, but hardly enough to split the Labor Party, which is led in the Dail by Mr. Tom Johnson, an Englishman by birth and temperament, a shrewd, cautious, and honorable politician, always working for the working class. But on those two vital questions—want of houses and want of work—his Labor Party can effect little.

There is very little Socialism in the country. A community of small farm-owners is never Socialistic, even in Russia. Yet the Free State has embarked upon the largest venture in State Socialism I have ever seen. I mean the great scheme for converting the Shannon waters in a vast electric force to diffuse lighting, heating, and the motive power for manufacture. The work is being carried out by a great German firm of engineers, but few German workmen are employed. Irishmen are crowding to Limerick in the hope of being taken on at the average or standard rate of 32 shillings and sixpence a week. The wage is not high, but it represents the Irish worker's demand. The scheme is to be in working order in about three years, and what the result will be one cannot say. No one, certainly not the promoters, wishes Ireland to be converted into a manufacturing country, but it is hoped that small industries will spring up in the villages to which the power will be supplied. Whether the Six Counties will petition for a share is not known, but in that case the desired unity cannot long be delayed.

One remaining difficulty, and a very serious one, is education. Nearly the whole of education is now in Catholic hands, and the division between the Christian churches is not growing less acute. I will not argue the theological point, but one disadvantage the “Protestants” (a name obsolete in England) feel deeply. The Nationalist Government has determined to make Ireland bilingual. The Irish lan-

guage has to be taught in all schools, and no government appointment is given to any candidate not possessing the knowledge of that very difficult tongue. In the western islands I found the whole population talking Irish among themselves, and the children in the schools could speak nothing else. But in other parts the tongue has been so long obsolete (chiefly owing to the Penal Laws of the eighteenth century) that it has to be studied as a foreign language, and it is doubtful how far a real Irish-speaker could understand the result of such study. It has, in fact, become an artificial language, and one may doubt whether it is worth the immense pains now taken to revive this

mere semblance of the ancient tongue. Naturally, the teachers complain that they have to spend all their holidays in trying to cram it up, and in the schools it has driven out drawing, physical drill, and French. In Wales the Welsh language has been preserved by the people themselves, and nearly all are bilingual. But I am not sure whether even nationality can make it worth while to preserve an almost extinct tongue at so great a sacrifice as Irish demands. For it is a language that the Irish themselves never use in common conversation, except only in those remote districts, and it is entirely useless across the seas. The Protestants acquiesce in the law, but feel it as a heavy burden.

China: The World's Proletariat

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

IN China the economic and nationalist struggles are inextricably intertwined. For China has the greatest cheap-labor supply on earth. It is good labor, too—and European capital, which at first merely bought native products cheap, has for two or three decades been attempting to instal Western factories with Western methods to make Western products with the labor of China. When New England passed anti-child-labor laws it exported its low child-size machines to China as well as to our own South, and the little girls of China are today competing with the children of our South Atlantic States. And in China this whole industrial system, whether the immediate employer be a Chinese or a foreigner, is rightly regarded as a Western importation.

The mills have sprouted like mushrooms along the coast and rivers of China. The first cotton mill came to China in 1890; there were 14 in 1906, with 400,000 spindles; 42, with 1,154,000 spindles, in 1916; 83, with 2,666,000 spindles, in 1923; and there is no reason to suppose that the number will not continue to double every six or seven years. China still imports the blue cotton cloth which has become the national uniform of her masses—a fantastic statistician once figured that China's annual consumption of cotton cloth would pave a roadway sixty feet wide to the moon. And the workers in these mills live in a manner that would shame a self-respecting pig.

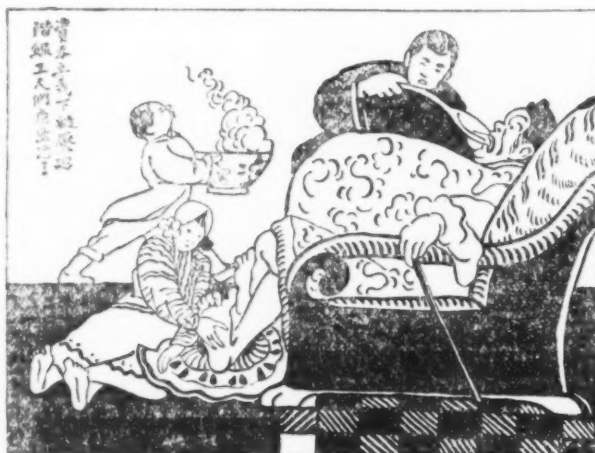
All about the industrial outskirts of the great Western city which is the pride of the foreigners in Shanghai one may see the disreputable sheds, built of bamboo, mud, lime, and straw. Six or eight people live in one-room floorless huts, through whose flimsy roofs the rain leaks in a storm; whose walls, falling or riddled with holes, afford no privacy. There is no drainage, no lavatories; garbage-heaps and cess-pools—or rather cess-puddles—surround the hovels. A big rain often floods the whole neighborhood, and the ragged

babies wade about coated with mud and filth. In smaller cities, where the concentration is not so great or so sudden, conditions are somewhat decenter. But while a few enlightened Chinese talk of decentralization, the factory owners continue to build their prisons in the overcrowded centers where they can be sure of coal and raw materials—Tientsin, Tsingtao, Shanghai, Hangchow, Wusih, Hankow, and the rest.

Wages are desperately low. They can best be understood when translated into goods. A Shanghai cotton-mill worker would have to work two weeks to buy a hat; longer to buy a pair of leather shoes. A pair of sheets would cost a month's wages, an overcoat three months' toil; a daily paper one-tenth of the daily income; a ton of coal four months' earnings. Of course these industrial workers do not use coal, wear hats or shoes or overcoats, or buy newspapers—they live on a lower level. And yet these

wages seem high to Chinese of the coolie type; there is no dearth of labor. It flocks in from the country, constantly replenishing the worn-out supply, for the working life of a Chinese mill-hand is generously estimated at from two to eight years.

In the cotton mills and silk filatures (where silk is reeled from cocoons which bob up and down in basins of boiling water) the vast majority of the workers are women and children. Men complain that they are discriminated against in Shanghai, which is true, largely because they are more likely to form labor unions and strike. The Shanghai Child Labor Commission found in 1923-24 that of 154,000 workers in the mills it studied more than 86,000 were women and more than 22,000 were children under 12. (It is worth while noting that in the Japanese-owned mills of Shanghai only 5.5 per cent of the workers were children under 12, and in the Chinese only 13 per cent; while the British mills had nearly 18 per cent children and the



The daily life of the lower classes—poster from a Canton wall

French and Italian 46 per cent. The few American mills had a slightly lower percentage than the Chinese.) In the silk filatures of South China nearly all the workers are women and girls. Often the children are brought in from the country by a contractor, who follows disaster like vultures and pays starving parents about a dollar a month for a contract which amounts to slavery; the girls live for years in his compound, eating his food, or in the factories, eating factory rice, working sometimes fifteen or sixteen hours a day, and often sleeping on the floor beneath their machines.

It is the common excuse of the mill-owner that the mothers do not want to leave their children unguarded at home, and doubtless that is sometimes true. Walking through these dimly lit mill-rooms one sees baskets containing children, sleeping or awake, between the whirring, clacking machines. Sometimes a tot of two or three sits cheerfully playing with cotton waste in the aisles through which the foreman guides the visitor. Girls a little older help their mothers tend the rows of spindles, and the deftness of five-year-old fingers is amazing. But when I asked ages of children smaller than my seven-year-old son, the foreman always replied monotonously "twelve." Except in the Japanese mills little attempt is made to keep the children out of the mills; there a rigid standard of height is set, and maintained.

Native-owned mills are likely to be dirtier and more dangerous than foreign-owned. The machinery is seldom protected, the ventilation is atrocious, the crowding terrific. But even a foreigner can sense the more human atmosphere. In the Naigaiwata mills (Japanese-owned) of Shanghai, where the great 1925 strike began, wages are fair, hours relatively short (only 10½!), and all sorts of modern welfare-devices have been installed. But the girls stopped talking and kept their eyes rigidly on their machines when the foreman appeared and the foreign visitors passed by. In a far dingier Chinese mill the girls showed no fear of the foreman, and pointed and giggled at the ridiculously garbed aliens who marched through the aisles. One of the demands of the strikers last summer was that foremen should no longer be armed, and the demand was typical of the spirit of the efficient, clean, militaristic Japanese mill.

There are vast profits to be made in these early stages of Chinese industrialization. But I doubt if the white men are to have as large a share in it as they expected. There are fewer British cotton mills in China today than there were three years ago, and there are no American cotton mills. Even the Japanese, who so proudly identify themselves in China with the imperialist West, are feeling the pinch of native competition that is driving the British to the wall. The great Naigaiwata mills have been on a kind of intermittent strike for nearly two years now—and it is a safe guess that the strikes are fomented and financed rather by Chinese competitors than by the commonly blamed Russians.

The Chinese employer straddles the class issue. He does not yet identify himself with the employing class of the world. In the last year he has openly encouraged the working class to fight for him the national battle against his foreign competitors. Last year the Shanghai strike was directed and subsidized by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce; the Canton boycott of Hongkong has been largely financed by Chinese business men in other parts of China and by the prosperous Chinese community of Singapore in

the Straits Settlements. And not unprofitably. In South China the native Nanyang Brothers now have a monopoly of the vast cigarette business, and the British-American Tobacco Co., which outstrips them in the North, has lost hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of trade. I shall not soon forget the enthusiasm with which a rich Chinese banker described the Naigaiwata strikes, and continued: "We have waked up. We see now how the foreigners have run China, and we are planning to change things. For instance, the British have a monopoly of Yangtze River shipping. Well, we may not be as efficient mariners as they, but I think we can find ways of making it very hard for them to do business at all."

If the employer has no clear-cut sense of class interest, the worker too is confused. Class consciousness in the Western sense is only beginning to exist in the treaty ports; but race consciousness takes its place. In foreign households even the domestic servants—the most isolated and individualistic of industrial groups—struck in Shanghai and Canton in 1925; and if the strike was enforced in many instances by terroristic methods it is still significant that it could be enforced at all among the scattered individuals of the group. I doubt if the domestic servants of Chinese families can be organized for decades to come, but any kind of strike can be enforced against foreigners.

The labor-union movement in China is less than a decade old—inevitably it is younger than the factory movement, although precedents can be found in the history of the guilds. Shanghai organized feeble unions in 1916; not until 1919 were labor unions active in Canton; and the first notably successful industrial strike, that of the Hongkong mechanics, occurred in 1920. The epic peak of the movement is again in Hongkong, in the amazing seamen's strike of 1922. Twenty-three thousand Chinese seamen struck, and a few days later more than a hundred thousand other workers joined them. Hongkong was paralyzed; the lordly white men had to do their own coolie work. The police forbade meetings, closed the union headquarters, deported leaders. But the strike held. After forty days the seamen won the wage increase they demanded and recognition of their union—and the police had to restore the union signs which they had torn from the union building before the workers would return. That was a year of strikes—in the Pinghsiang coal mines and the Hanyang steel mills, among the Peking school-teachers, the weavers of Changsha, the wheelbarrow-coolies of a northern city (they wanted their hours reduced from fourteen to twelve), the ricksha coolies



China bears the burdens of the world—a poster from a Peking wall

of Soochow, in the Canton silk filatures and matshed factories—all over China. Six months saw thirty-one strikes in Shanghai alone, involving cotton mills, silk mills, the municipal electricity plant and water works, the telephone company, native and foreign tobacco companies, a hospital, the comb-makers, joss-paper workers, cargo coolies, sampan-men, laundrymen, cabinet-makers, and boat-builders. There was a trade boom that year and most of the strikes were quickly won. Enthusiasts saw Chinese labor taking its place with the great organized movements of the West.

But none of these unions had permanent organizations which would withstand a period of depression. When industries are booming in China new workers flock in from the villages; in bad times they return to their cabbage-fields. Except in Shanghai and perhaps in some of the mine-fields there is hardly anywhere a permanent working class. In 1923 Wu Pei-fu smashed the union on the Peking-Hankow Railway, and beheaded the leaders, for which act he was heartily praised by the foreign press. A silk workers' strike in Shanghai was vigorously repressed. In Canton a radical government encouraged the unions; elsewhere the local militarists, more or less allied with foreign as well as native business men, smashed the unions with a ruthlessness hardly known even in America.

Unrealized, a strange thing was happening. The unions became the instruments of the new national consciousness. They were vaguely allied with the radical Kuomintang Party of the South. Sun Yat-sen had more and more leaned

on them as his most trustworthy supporters. Of course the Russians, wherever they saw an opening, helped swell the rising protest. Naturally, too, the militarists of the old regime and the foreigners opposed them. The great outburst of anti-foreign feeling in 1925, that amazing uprising of a nation, significantly began with a strike in the Japanese mills of Tsingtao and the shots which sparked the flame were fired by British police on strike sympathizers in Shanghai. Chang Tso-lin, who has always been supported by the Japanese, closed the offices of the Shanghai General Labor Union that summer, and a few months later, when the foreign courts of the International Settlement handed over the chairman of the union, Liu Hwa, to agents of Sun Chuan-fong, who is more or less supported by the Anglo-American group in Shanghai, Liu Hwa disappeared and was believed to have been slain at night. The militarists naturally and unconsciously align themselves with foreign capital, and the old compradore type of Chinese merchant works with them. But the young alert business men, precisely those who have had their training under foreign conditions, are likely to join the workers, so intense is their nationalism. None of China's militarists is likely to be strong enough to oust the foreigners by force, even if he wanted to; but in the unions is a power which can destroy the economic roots of the foreigner's position.

[This is the fifth of Lewis Gannett's articles on China. The sixth, *Bolshevism in China?*, will appear in *The Nation* for August 25.]

Communism in Marriage

Human Relationships at the Oneida Community

By C. C. CHURCH

SHOULD any of our young intelligentsia, sated with satires on domesticity and marriage, seek an order of society in which these plagues were unknown, they would probably not turn to old-fashioned New England. Yet such a social order, the Oneida Community, was established and carried on for thirty years by a group of early Vermonters claiming no less a virtue than perfection itself.

The men and women who undertook this experiment were members of a heretical religious sect who styled themselves Perfectionists. Their heresy consisted in a denial of the Calvinist doctrine that man is by nature depraved, and the assertion that if given opportunity by his environment he can be not only good but perfect. Had these aspiring dissenters not been, as Bernard Shaw says, "mightily shepherded" by one of their number, John Humphrey Noyes, they would probably have gone the markless way of small sects, amid a clamor of hair-splitting. Noyes gathered from Vermont and central New York a compact group of about three hundred Perfectionists. His purpose was a "raid or sortie from the Kingdom of Heaven into the unregenerate world," in order to show that world how perfection can be attained. It may have startled heaven a trifle when, early in its career, this celestial party established, near Oneida, New York, a modern factory for the manufacture of steel traps. Another practical step was the construction of a well-equipped "Mansion," sufficient for the comfortable housing of the entire group. In this substantial setting the society wove for itself a web

of laws and institutions whose three cardinal elements were economic communism, complex marriage, and mutual criticism.

The economic basis of this society was planned as imposingly as were the phalanxes of the utopian Fourier. It embodied most of the features of classic speculative communism—cooperative housing, a simple but agreeable standard of living, a short work-day, attractive occupations, common participation in the output of pooled industry, and a large measure of personal liberty within the orderly scheme. Most conspicuous among its results were, perhaps, the freedom from worry that it conferred on the society's members and the abolition of that spirit of pecuniary emulation which in competitive modern societies drives rich and poor alike into neurasthenia and the sanitarium. To describe the success of these communists would probably bring forth charges against me as an agent of the Russian Government. But in a day—the day of Robert Owen—when scores of communisms were flitting to destruction, this one, the most radical of them all, flourished. There were doubtless several factors involved in this Oneida prosperity. Noyes believed that the socialization of the sexes through complex marriage, making impossible, as it did, family ambition and aggressiveness and stimulating group solidarity, was important among these factors. It is, incidentally, noteworthy that when the Oneida Community was forced to withdraw from complex marriage communism in goods soon ended.

Complex marriage was the term applied by the members of the Oneida Community to their sexual order. No suitable one-sentence definition of this order can be given. After denying the orthodox-church doctrine which so closely identifies sex with sin, the Perfectionists urged that sex may be an enhancing and ennobling factor in human experience. In this belief they had considerable support among the liberals of their own day. But they went farther than these, and among themselves neither required nor encouraged monogamous exclusiveness. For instead of being an assemblage of families, the Oneida Community of the Perfectionists was a unified fraternity, demanding the loyalty and cooperation that in the outer world properly go to the family.

Within this fraternity human relationships could rightly be more spontaneous than in an individualistic society. It is claimed that the phrase *free love* was here first used as applying to the attitudes between the sexes in the community. (When outsiders appropriated this term for irresponsible and promiscuous behavior, the Oneida Community felt constrained to repudiate it.) Sexual unions when not for parenthood were subject only to the requirements that they be mutually desired, without embarrassing circumstances, hygienic and temperate, and in accord with the group's ideals of considerate fellowship. Such relationships were not surreptitious and might, in meetings for mutual criticism, be tested for true conformity to requirements. In the Oneida atmosphere, sympathies between the sexes tended to be broad and social, rather than romantically fixed on individuals. Noyes had a maxim, "The normal man loves the normal woman," which meant that in a cosexual fraternity the attitudes of the sexes toward each other partake of a generic quality—the two groups feel married to each other.

This sexual order required or promoted certain other innovations. The Oneida Community was the first organized society intentionally to incorporate in its customs, and in its sex education, methods for controlling the results of sexual communion. It was the first society to distinguish sexual unions as *propagative* and *social*, and to show that, by applying eugenic regulations only to unions for parenthood, a community may endeavor to advance its racial welfare without greatly thwarting the instincts and desires of any of its members. Noyes and several associates worked out a pioneer system of eugenics called stirpiculture. A committee versed in this passed on the eligibility of persons wishing to become parents. A woman of doubtful qualifications might be allowed one child, but be refused a further contribution to the next generation. A comprehensive program for positive race improvement was finally devised and instituted. This stands alone in history as an elaborate eugenic experiment.

It is instructive to note some of the more important implications of complex marriage. Women were fully emancipated economically. None had to depend for well-being on one man's uncertain fortunes or love. The mother need not worry lest her children, in the event of her death, be beaten by a merciless stepmother, for in the community nursery she saw these children already receiving solicitous care and knew that this was not contingent on her existence. The young woman did not have to make an irrevocable choice between admirers. Accepting a dysgenic lover did not imply that a woman had chosen dysgenic fatherhood for her children. Scandal, divorce, prostitution,

and illegitimacy could mar the life of no one. In the Perfectionist order the "social" evils had no place.

The more spontaneous relationships within the Oneida fraternity did not lead to excesses, as the vulgar might imagine, but, on the contrary, promoted freedom from morbid sex interest, violent passion, and extreme sentimentality. Finally, an item worth unusual notice is the impetus given by complex marriage to merely cordial, social contacts between the sexes. In society at large trifling amenities between men and women are inhibited by a thousand conventional considerations. Over the slightest friendliness grins the boggy of scandal. In the Oneida Community the sexes met casually and freely without fear or danger.

Jealousy blighted but little the cheerful, comradely life of the Oneida Mansion. Noyes was one of the first American thinkers to point out that jealousy is fundamentally an owner's—or aspiring owner's—attitude, rather than the attitude of a lover. Marriage is proprietary. It arose when the caveman, swayed by a strong taste for ownership, beat woman, hampered by recurrent pregnancies, into chattelship. When progress improved woman's lot, she, as proud wife or fiancée, caught the idea of making her owner a chattel. In this cultural situation, one of very long standing, jealousy and love have become intricately entangled. Because proprietary monogamy has shaped our laws, love in which jealousy is absent occurs generally in outlaw relationships. For better or worse the Oneida Community turned the tables and outlawed jealousy as unnatural and non-fraternal.

The spirit in this society was, of course, akin to the one which develops in groups at times of crisis—in religious revivals or revolutions, when social impulses become vigorous and conventional restrictions are under suspicion. But the Oneida Community was a persistent, self-conscious system, delicately constituted and thoroughly institutionalized. It no more fostered careless license than did the laws of Draco. Yet it did allow a large measure of personal spontaneity and sex mutuality.

The final expression of complex marriage was the community nursery, which demonstrated that a properly constituted small society can be a good parent to its children. The zeal of the Oneida Community for its children was intense and intelligent. To the community nursery came children voluntarily and eugenically born, in numbers adequate to replenish the passing generation. In it women possessed of unusual aptitudes for the rearing of the young were given responsible work, thereby releasing for other functions such of their sisters as would have found onerous or baffling the details of motherhood. From this communal counterpart to the domestic hearthside went forth young people of exceptionally sound character and good capacity.

Complex marriage and economic communism were by no means the only props to kindness and unselfishness in the Perfectionist world. Humans may be endowed with a propensity to perfection, as the founders of the Oneida Community contended, but the environment that induces this propensity to flower must be an uncommonly favorable one. The third essential of the Perfectionist order, mutual criticism, was especially devised to stimulate good behavior through the open discussion, in small groups, of personal motives and conduct with reference to the society's standards. The peace and solidarity of ordinary fraternal and face-to-face groups are ever threatened by backbiting and

enmity. In the Oneida Community impulses to such behavior were nipped in the bud by being talked out in the meetings for mutual criticism. There was a special technique for procedure in these meetings. Outsiders, it is true, thought the criticisms offset some of the attractive features of the society; but the communists themselves were convinced of the merits and, indeed, the agreeable experiences afforded by this mode of collective psychoanalysis.

For many years the communists believed their social pattern would be widely copied. Noyes was sanguine enough to recommend to the churches that their congregations organize into cooperating Perfectionist units. Younger disciples, such as Allan Estlake, observed that the Oneida Community was a miniature of unflinching socialism, and forecast the evolution of society toward this model. In the meantime, the model won both friends and foes. The immediate neighbors of the community were, almost without exception, friendly—won doubtless by the honesty and civility of its members. Liberals often regarded it with a hopeful curiosity. But there were others, especially church leaders, who pictured this utopian laboratory in terms of a tomahawk hurled at the taproot of civilization.

The assailants were aided by the very fact of the community's worldly triumphs. The Perfectionists had started as a group of artisans and farmers, had prospered abundantly, and were becoming a staff of production engineers and salesmen. To act thus as an efficient unit in the world

of industry and business was the price of economic survival—witness the tragedies of those many less radical communisms that withdrew into agrarian seclusion. But the bright Oneida career meant much mingling with outer society and consequent temptations to worldliness. Then, after forty years of service, old leaders began to pass. At this critical moment, the New York State Legislature pronounced the sortie from heaven illegal. So the unregenerate world won, and without the aid of Klan, tarpot, or bayonet.

It was in August, 1879, that the Oneida Community was forced to abandon complex marriage. An attempt to sustain the society in its other aspects soon failed. The dissolution was taken more resignedly than might be expected. Many of the younger communists had become convinced that the community was epochs ahead of its time, and must eventually be overwhelmed by respectability. In 1881 the members of the dissolved community formed the Oneida Community Limited, a business corporation since widely known for its silverware. This enterprise has even eclipsed the prosperity of the Perfectionists' venture. Notably, it has shown that if parents can prove the merits of socialism, their children can as effectively prove the merits of capitalism. The communists' "Mansion" (now a social club), an active benevolent association, and respectful attitudes toward the old community are sustained by the present-day Oneida group, and constitute the tangible survivals of America's most brilliant social experiment.

America's Crop of Hate

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, July 24

LET no one be deceived by the reported demonstrations against American tourists in Paris. They are sporadic and local, and not yet serious—probably provoked in many cases by over-stimulated and bad-mannered Americans. But no observer can truthfully report that the situation, either in England or France, is satisfactory for those Americans who ardently desire that their country shall not only live in amity with the leading European nations but shall have their good-will and regard as well.

Here in England there is an increased dislike of us—particularly among the privileged Tory classes, but also among many plain people who come in contact with the rowdy American tourists who appear whenever one of the great liners discharges its cargo at Southampton or Plymouth. That this feeling against America is growing is admitted by people who are working earnestly for the maintenance of friendly relations between the two countries. They hope that it is a passing phase. They speak of its being part of a summer "stunt" of some of the sensational newspapers. Americans who live here say that there is a recrudescence of this debt propaganda every summer when the American tourist season is at its height. It is idle, of course, to say that the whole thing is due to the debt settlement, but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the recent English settlement with France, and Mr. Mellon's most unfortunate letter on the subject, with its unsupportable statements, has fanned the flames, leading not only to Churchill's and Snowden's speeches in Parliament but to the effective Foreign Office answer

published yesterday morning. That the British Government should feel it necessary thus to reply to a statement by an American official, not officially addressed to it, is in itself an indication of the gravity of the issue.

The debt settlement bulks large. Ill-mannered tourists, rich Americans who buy up precious old English pictures and show places, and even take down houses to move them bodily to America; the old critical attitude of the two nations toward each other—these all contribute to the ill-will; but the simple truth is that America is reaping the whirlwind which she sowed when she entered the war, and not only in England but all through Europe. A shrewd observer remarked the other day that the best friends America had in Europe today were the Germans, which, he added, "is not saying much." It was of course idle to expect that all those noble sentiments uttered during the war about eternal chains of friendship binding us to our Allies, and the imperishable memory of the blood of our youth poured out on the same battlefields, should last. They were often founded on absolute misconceptions and on war lies. In an emotional state bordering on insanity we endowed our Allies with nobilities which they did not possess. The coming of peace made inevitable a let-down. We all got back to earth, and discovered that we were human and frail and still had our own faults instead of being so many archangels going to the rescue of liberty. The bad peace, the frightful economic sufferings, the new jealousies, and the crushing weight of the debt have all added to the disillusionment. Each nation declares that it won the war; but nothing infuriates all the others so much

as to have the United States, through its leading men, insist that we did so. Every time a Senator or a Congressman or a Cabinet official or a general says that, he rubs salt in the wounds.

No military alliance for war purposes ever breeds a lasting friendship. The Crimean War was heralded as meaning union of France and England, in brotherly goodwill for ever, but as soon as it was over England and France began to arm against each other just as they had in all the previous centuries. The French alliance with us in the Revolution did not prevent our coming to blows with them in a little war before the end of the century. That fact the orators forgot to mention in 1917-1918. The more the Great War recedes into the past the more will all our sins in it return to plague us, and by us I mean every participant, on whichever side. The more the American people study the war, the more they will find it was not what they thought it was, either in purpose or execution. The more the squabble over debts continues, the darker will be the glasses through which Americans will view their former Allies, and the more the European nations will call Uncle Sam Uncle Shylock.

All this is bad enough for the future peace of the world, but it becomes worse if we realize that our debt policy plus our tariff policy and our position as money-lenders to the world are gradually forming a European alliance against America. The European nations are frightened by our tremendous financial power; they cannot borrow money elsewhere, but they are trying to find means to defend themselves against our pressure to make them pay their debts, and our refusal, by means of our high tariff, to let them pay with goods. Take a country like Belgium. It is placing itself in the hands of the American money-lenders because it must, not because it wants to. And Wall Street finds itself compelled to lend money to Belgium or refuse aid to a stricken nation which it alone can save from bankruptcy. I am told that M. Caillaux, when he came on his flying visit to London, said that France and England were both controlled by great groups of financiers, the only distinction being that the industrialists ruled one country and the big financiers the other. But above and behind the industrial-financial groups in both countries stands the American money-power which, by force of circumstances, is beginning to dominate the world—within a year it may be writing that Dawes Plan for France which Mr. Snowden, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, has just declared inevitable. I acquit the American money-power of deliberately planning to achieve a dominating position in Europe. It too is, I believe, merely reaping its share of the whirlwind. Unfortunately I cannot credit its members with enough brains to see that this was just another of the inevitable results of America's entrance into the war. It would be amazing, perhaps, if we should live to see a European Customs Union against America, but it is not impossible.

Well, what can America do under the circumstances? Indubitably, *The Nation's* policy of urging the cancelation of the debts that we shall never be able to collect and accepting funding arrangements based on capacity to pay is the correct one. I am not, of course, optimistic enough to believe that we should receive many, if any, thanks from those whom we released from indebtedness. We have so bungled the whole matter, especially in our manner of making the settlements, that almost irreparable harm has been

done, but there is time yet for a *beau geste*, especially if that means the removal of a festering sore.

Why not, I hear someone say, enter the League? It is not necessary to rehearse here all the arguments against that move, but it is worth while recording one's belief again that the entry of America into the League of Nations would not mean a revival of the comradeships of the war, or anything approaching them. From the very beginning, we should have to decide whether we would be pro-British or pro-French in the League, for the rivalry between those two Powers is the story of the League. We should then have to decide further whether we would be pro-Pole or pro-German or pro-Italian or pro-Spanish or pro-Rumanian and Slovakian. Europe is a continent seething with hatreds and jealousy. It is impossible to be here and believe that the situation is not just as bad as it was two and a half years ago. Many think it worse, if only because of the rise of Mussolini. Why, in Heaven's name, should any American wish to tie us up intimately to such a situation? The monstrous conceit which makes some people think that we could, by joining the League, compose these differences by our influence and example is only equaled by the gullibility of those who still think that the war accomplished something for the safeguarding of democracy and liberty and the ending of war.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter cannot resist a book which promises to tell the "inside story" or the "secret history" of anything. Quite recently he came upon a volume, "The Inside Secrets of Photoplay Writing," which has provided him with heart-warming refreshment. The book "was not written by a tyro, whose knowledge of photodramaturgy has been gained from the outside." It was done by "a successful moving-picture author" with the purpose of enabling "the embryonic photodramatist to find the road that leads to success." The author boasts of a schooling that ended with the eighth grade, and adds:

Personally, I use an Underwood portable, as I am out of town at least half the year. I have also found the Corona worth while. In fact, at the time my photoplay "Empty Arms" was released, it was nationally broadcast that I had written it on a Corona. A bright advertising man conceived the idea of placing a life-size cut-out of me in that firm's popular window on Forty-second Street, and the chances are that it and the exploitation matter accompanying it were viewed by over two hundred thousand persons during the month it was on display.

* * * * *

UNQUESTIONABLY we are face to face with an immortal. What are the "inside secrets" which he reveals? The Drifter will cite some examples.

The average fan—and I have studied him carefully at close range—craves action or, in his own unmatched expression, pep. He doesn't give a hoot in Hades for poetry or symbolism—on the screen, though in the privacy of his own domicile he may glory in the possession of exquisitely bound volumes of Keats, Shelley, or Chaucer. He has ordered corned-beef and cabbage and he doesn't want quail and mushrooms. If he does, he knows where he can find them. . . .

Don't attempt to "uplift" the poor, downtrodden screen to a higher plane of culture and refinement. You are not

in the game, I take it, for your health. If you are seeking gold like the rest of us, you won't get it by digging in the wrong hill.

Sound advice for such as are heavy with "motographic brain-children"! But the real secret of success is this:

For the sake of attractiveness I suggest that you have your story bound instead of folding it twice as one does with material intended for magazine publication. Personally, I have each script bound in vellum of Italian red, with the title and my name lettered in gold on the cover. This enhances the attractiveness of my manuscripts and costs me but a dollar and twenty-five cents.

At last it is clear to the Drifter why he has failed so miserably in occasional photodramaturgic efforts of his own. Italian red vellum binding and name in gold—that is clearly the open sesame. If this be insufficient heartening, heed the final counsel of wisdom:

God made brains and typewriters to be used. Use them properly—and the winning of success will cease being a vague, nebulous hope and become a vibrant, gold-attended reality.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Ayes Have It

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How often have we heard our Socialist friends triumphantly exclaim: "Haven't we got the post office?" Judging from the experience of the *New Masses*, the answer appears to be in the affirmative.

Canton, Pennsylvania, July 20 JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

A Hard Dilemma

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let me pose to you a problem in civic conduct. It rose out of a diligent reading of your admirably lively articles on campaign contributions.

I am a citizen, let us say, of the State of Coma. I believe fervently in a high tariff. I am a conscientious and determined Wet. I am vigorously opposed to the League of Nations. By a vast expenditure of money a fellow-citizen of mine gets nominated for the United States Senate on a platform which precisely fits my views. Without the expenditure of any money at all another fellow-citizen of mine gets nominated for United States Senator on a platform in favor of a low tariff, in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law, and in favor of the League of Nations. What am I to do?

Shall I vote for the rich wretch who will vote my way in the Senate or shall I vote for the impecunious hero who, from my standpoint, when he gets into the Senate, will do his best to ruin the country?

I promise not to vote till I hear from you.

Washington, D. C., July 22

WILLIAM HARD

Arizona's River

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice in your issue of July 14 an article, *For Sale—48,000,000 Horses*, referring to hydroelectrical development of some of our streams. You state that Senate Bill 3331, if carried by the Senate, will appropriate \$125,000,000 for the dam, an all-American canal, and a power house which would yield

3.6 billion kilowatt hours at only 3 mills per kilowatt, paying for the whole project in twenty-five years. This is Boulder Canyon.

From Glen Canyon dam site to Bridge Canyon there are seventeen dam sites in Arizona capable of producing some 6,000,000 horse-power. Boulder Canyon dam, being advocated by certain vested interests, is one of the lowest dam sites on the river, being five hundred feet lower than the Salt River Valley. A dam at that site will be of no value to the great commonwealth of Arizona.

We view with deep concern the development of low-head, large-flow power projects on the lower regions of the Colorado River. If allowed to proceed such plans will establish rights to stream flow which will greatly hamper the fullest economical development of the Colorado River.

The reason I am calling your attention to this is that *The Nation* has always been a liberal and far-seeing paper. For three years the State of Arizona has been fighting the most desperate battle in her history to protect and preserve to our people our heritage in the Colorado River.

Phoenix, Arizona, July 14

GEORGE W. P. HUNT,
Governor of Arizona

Oregon—Staunchly Conservative

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You allow your joy at Coolidge's discomfiture to become a little over-buoyant, in the matter of the recent Oregon election. It is true that Stanfield, a staunch administration man, lost; but another one won. Steiwer was supported throughout, and long prior to, his campaign by the influential *Portland Oregonian*, as true a friend of Republican conservatism as exists in the country. I believe it was rather the fear that Stanfield had antagonized the bone-drys of the State by his recent escapade, and could not be elected in November, that induced the *Oregonian* to lend its aggressive support to another man. In short, the election could not in any sense be termed a reversal for Republicanism. There was not even a candidate running whose victory could have suggested an even mild rebuke to the Administration—save possibly that of the inevitable "wet."

Emblazon the names of seven States on your banner of triumph, but the name of Oregon must be buried firmly in mud—the pride of the Associated Press.

Portland, Oregon, July 16

D. P. A.

Petlura

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The assassination of Petlura by Sholem Schwartzbard in a Paris cafe not long ago adds another to the number of pogromists of the war and after-war period who have been brought to justice since the armistice in 1918. Talaat, Enver, Djemal, who jointly ordered the wholesale Armenian massacres and deportations, have all disappeared from the scene, Talaat by the hand of an avenging Armenian, Djemal and Enver in the confused civil wars and insurrections of Turkestan and Afghanistan.

Among the pogromists of Jews whose names have become infamous since the Russian Revolution Petlura's and Denikin's top the list. At least a quarter of a million Jews lost their lives in the Ukraine during the years 1918-19-20-21. Exactly how many victims must be attributed to these two leaders would be difficult to determine; but the number is large. Officially, Petlura nearly always preserved a Jewish-friendly attitude; he had several Jews in his cabinet and at one time even a Commissariat for Jewish Affairs. Denikin, on the other hand, and more particularly his officers were openly anti-Semitic. In practice, the results for the Jews of Petlura's policies were not

much different from those of the Denikinists. Many thousands of Jews fell victim to the fury of Petlura's fanatic, ignorant, half-starved, and ragamuffin peasant-bands. At Proskurov and Jitomir alone more than a thousand are said to have been massacred. Yet Petlura's downfall can by no means be attributed to the excesses perpetrated by his armies. He was most popular when the pogroms were at their height. And only his alliance with the Poles in 1920 ended his popularity. Till that time, even though he had flirted on occasion with all factions, and had even made an alliance with the Germans during their occupation of the Ukraine, he had figured as a sort of hero of romance, a new Stenka Razin. His identification with the traditional enemy, the Pole, brought about his final ruin.

It would have been far preferable for justice to be accomplished by some regular and legal agency of government, but, unfortunately, that does not seem to exist for such cases as this. The Entente, as part of the preliminary Versailles Treaty, demanded punishment of the "war criminals," prominent among whom were Talaat, Enver, and Djemal. Nevertheless, for several years these three paraded about Europe and Asia, intriguing and plotting, unscathed, until private vendetta and civil war accomplished a job the Entente quite plainly did not want to tackle. Petlura did not figure on the famous Entente list; the Entente in those days was raising pogromists of its own—Denikin enjoyed the open support, in all his infamies, of the British Government, and implied American support, through the presence of the American Red Cross. Denikin will probably find that premiums on his life policies at Lloyd's have doubled and trebled since Petlura's accident.

New-York, July 15

HENRY G. ALSBERG

Profits—Service?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Owen D. Young in a recent speech suggested that the government, instead of investigating corporations showing large profits, should direct its attention to those which are unprofitable.

He said: "I know of no way concerns can make profits unless they render service, and, conversely, if they do not make profits they cannot render service. Why is it that a concern which does not render service enough to make profits is permitted to use our labor, of which we have none too great a supply, or our capital, which is always difficult to get, for an unprofitable use to society?"

Denver, Colorado, July 24

CLARA AINSWORTH

Where American Marines Hold Power

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Haitian situation has become unbearable and public indignation is running high. No one can understand why "President" Borno was allowed to draw from the public treasury thousands of dollars for a trip of pleasure or secret diplomacy. When he went aboard the Panama on June 6 a crowd of about 7,000 men, women, and children shouted at him, insulting and stoning him.

The old policy of brute force continues. M. Alcuis Charmant, a lawyer of Jacmel, 71 years old, was illegally arrested and sent to prison, under the false charge that he was fostering an uprising along the Haitian and Dominican border. The truth is that he is a personal enemy of M. Borno and an energetic president of the Regional Committee of the Union Patriotique of Jacmel.

M. Charmant is the owner of a hundred and fifty carreaux of land along the south side of the border, near the Anses-à-Pitre. The Government claimed this land and took possession of it. But M. Charmant brought action against the state and a decree of the Supreme Court ordered the Government to give back to M. Charmant his land. But M. Borno and General

Russell opposed the execution of the decree. After two years of useless requests, M. Charmant decided to sell these hundred and fifty carreaux to an American company. He went to Santo Domingo a month ago, to see his American buyers. From Santo Domingo he proceeded with the buying party to his land. In crossing the border, two days later, he was arrested and sent to Jacmel, under the false charge of fostering a revolt.

Yesterday Charles Moravia, former Haitian Minister to Washington, a poet and a writer, editor of the *Temps*, was arrested and sent to jail, for an article criticizing the policy of M. Borno and President Coolidge toward Haiti. Joseph Jolibois, editor of the *Courrier Haitien*, has refused to surrender to the police and taken to the woods.

I do not think that the people will bear ten years more of despotism and I fear terrible events.

Port au Prince, June 18

PERCEVAL THOBY

The Old Concord Tradition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your paragraph on Concord, Massachusetts, was all to the good. Nothing written here must detract in the least from the praise and honor due Mr. Dexter. It is well to know, however, that the Unitarian minister, the Rev. Mr. Auer, was openly in favor of the meetings of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace being held in Concord and in his church, but his parish committee refused permission. Notwithstanding this rebuff Mr. Auer presided in the Episcopal Parish House at one of the meetings of the fellowship, greeted the conference, and introduced his friend Professor Skinner of Tufts College. Mr. Auer and Mrs. Auer were egged, even stoned, for that.

Believers in a fair hearing for all shades of opinion, lovers of Emerson and Thoreau, of peace and concord, rejoice at the leadership of these two ministers. If all ministers of good-will, whether in or outside the churches, had always taken similar stand for fair play and open-mindedness, the present deplorable condition of the churches would be different and we should all be facing a very different world from that which now confronts us.

Lincoln, Mass., July 29

CHARLES L. DE NORMANDE

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON's latest book is "Tolerance."

HENRY W. NEVINSON is an English journalist, the author of "Changes and Chances" and "More Changes, More Chances."

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, recently returned from six months in the Orient, spent chiefly in China.

C. C. CHURCH is a sociologist who has made an extended investigation of the Oneida Community.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, editor of *The Nation*, is at present in Europe.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, formerly associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "Three Centuries of American Democracy" and other historical studies.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is dramatic critic of *The Nation* and the author of "Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius."

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "History and Social Intelligence."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES was formerly professor of philosophy at the University of Oregon.

LORINE PRUETTE is the author of "Women and Leisure."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is an anthropologist engaged in an extended study of variability under racial crossing.

NAZMIE H. ANABTAWY is an instructor at Yale.

Books

Poems

By LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK

For One Who Will Believe

It is!
And all is all you see.
You must never turn the leaf over,
You must never hew the tree.
Faith is the modesty of self-approval.

It was.
The preference of certainty is past.
But the assured season will take confidence,
Return a rose as lovely as the last,
Find in the new retinue
A faint pride reminiscent of you.

For All Our Sakes

For all our sakes we seem
Each of another place.
For all our sakes we have
Each his unnatural face
And behind eyes pretend
Never to understand
Behind eyes.

And seeming each another
And of another place, to spare
All from all, makes each more same,
Makes each one no one, nowhere,
Makes separate blindness
To see estrangement, for kindness,
For all our sakes.

A Dose of Democracy

A History of the United States Since the Civil War. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. Volume III: 1872-1878. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

ANYONE who can read Mr. Oberholtzer's third volume and still retain a love for American democracy in action must be either intellectually and morally astigmatic or else possessed of the faith that can move mountains. The five or six years with which the volume deals, ancient history to the present generation but vividly remembered by many men now living, were a period of political and social degeneracy unrelieved save by one or two pale efforts at reform and here or there a strong voice calling in the wilderness. What happened, of course, was a natural consequence of what had lately been. The muddy streams of political partisanship and lawlessness, private and public corruption, and social extravagance and vulgarity to which the Civil War and Republican reconstruction had given rise mingled, before the war itself was a decade behind, in one grand current of national debauchery which for years ran on unchecked. To profess that, at any time during those years, the people were governing themselves would be to assert the veriest nonsense, but there was little in the attitude of the electorate to suggest that the people were fit to govern even if they had had a chance. For a time, at least, the kind of government that Lincoln had hoped might not perish from the

earth broke down in the United States, and in its place were enthroned the gang and the ring, the boss and the henchman, the gambling sharps of Wall Street and the petty pilferers of navy yards, distilleries, and Indian agencies, with a President who never should have been chosen riding serenely at the head of the grand parade.

Mr. Oberholtzer, equipping his pages with citations of chapter and verse for every crucial statement, and marshaling his facts without pity for place or name, begins the dismal story with the Liberal Republican movement, and follows it remorselessly to the enthronement of Hayes and the "rout of the carpet-baggers." The Liberal Republican revolt, pathetic enough as an attempt to stay a tide that could not be turned, appears almost farcical when one recalls the grotesque and impossible Greeley, and makes one wonder, not that it failed but rather that the fetish of "reform within the party" should ever afterward have had a devotee. The regular Republicans, as it turned out, judged the movement correctly and went on with their scandals. Garfield's adjustable ethics enabled him to defend the salary grab because his colleagues in Congress wanted it, and then to decline his own increased emolument as a step toward grasping the main chance. The panic of 1873, with its startling revelations of financial and political crookedness, did nothing to purge the party of its evil mind; there was no repentance at the White House or on Capitol Hill when the whiskey ring and the Credit Mobilier were exposed; the looting of the Indian service went on unchecked; naval administration was a stench, and the shallow and pretentious Blaine and the sparingly gifted John Sherman succeeded to the statesmanship once honored by Seward, Chase, and Fish.

The election of Hayes was, in a measure, a return to political decency, although it is hard to see that, under the circumstances, either Hayes or Tilden was legally entitled to the office of President. What really happened was that the Republicans had their way with the presidency, and thereby averted what many undoubtedly regarded as a danger that an Administration friendly to an unreconstructed South would be installed at Washington, but the most that can be said for them is that they behaved in the matter with a greater outward show of decency than they had exhibited in the days of Andrew Johnson. The overthrow of the carpet-bag governments in the South, commendable as it was in Hayes, worked no essential change of heart in the Republican Party, and years were yet to pass before the waving of the bloody shirt ceased to do honorable duty as political argument. The fact, of course, was that the Republican Party was unintelligent as well as corrupt, and that the Democrats, burdened with the hangovers of war and reconstruction, had little that was better to offer. The Granger movement among the farmers, for example, pointed to deep-seated evils in the economic system as well as incapacity in federal legislation, but the effect of the movement in remedying the one or bettering the other was slight, while the Indian wars in the West, inevitable as they were in view of all the conditions, revealed a perverse failure on the part of government to deal with one of the fundamental problems of civilization.

Mr. Oberholtzer makes the best of the few bright spots in a period whose political excesses one would gladly forget. It was a vulgar age—vulgar in its crudity and boastfulness, its worship of money and power, its satisfaction and delight in extravagance, dissipation, vice, grandiose architecture, and gaudy hotels and "palace" railway coaches. The slow turning of the tide, however, was to be perceived in the establishment of the elective system at Harvard, the founding of Johns Hopkins and Cornell, and the gradual recognition of worthier work in art. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, tawdry beyond compare in its "unsightly warehouses with decorations from the flag makers and the planing mills," stirred the artistic feeling of the nation through its exhibition of foreign products,

manufactures, and art objects. The daily newspaper press, too, of which Mr. Oberholtzer gives a particularly full account, was developing into a powerful though uncertain force, and the great editorial work of Godkin was making itself felt wherever there was an open mind.

Mr. Oberholtzer on the whole is sparing of comment, save when on occasion he allows himself a detached, and usually an unawed, personal characterization. To readers who have hitherto relied upon Rhodes for their knowledge of the period, the present volume will open many new lines of information and suggestion. The only doubt that arises is whether, with the third of his five volumes extending only to 1878, Mr. Oberholtzer will succeed in producing the same kind of history of the United States since the Civil War that he apparently had in mind when he began.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

A Master of the Accessible

Conversations with Anatole France. By Nicolas Segur. Authorized Translation with an Introduction by J. Lewis May. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

Anatole France at Home. By Marcel Le Goff. Translated by Laura Riding Gottschalk. The Adelphi Company. \$2.50.

OF these two books the first is written extremely well and the second rather badly, but both contain a number of anecdotes sufficiently characteristic of their subject. Yet neither can be said to add very much to our knowledge of the man, and the reason is less any fault in the reporters than the fact that Anatole France himself defined his mind with almost perfect completeness. His ideas were neither very complicated in themselves nor given to any modifying growth; his garden was early ripe and he himself had paced over every foot of it again and again, leaving no corners unexplored. Unlike those whose multiplicity compels them to leave many things half said and whose conversation is full of unexpected things, he had rounded out every one of the relatively few topics which concerned him and every circle was complete. He talked, if one may judge from published reports, with the same ease with which his writings flow, and he was inexhaustibly fertile in developing his chosen topics; but he never strayed far from familiar themes and his familiar conclusions. No one was ever more delightful, no one ever less varied. To read him is to be sure of coming upon many true things incomparably said, but it is never, as with some writers it is, to embark upon a spiritual adventure. His world was finished and settled.

In this fact is to be found the source of both France's greatness and his limitations. No writer whose mind is in a constant state of becoming can produce works as perfect as his, but on the other hand no works so perfect can be other than, in a sense, closed and done, no sooner written than already a part of that past which the present values as a treasure but from which it gets but little impetus toward the work which it must do. It is in this sense as truly as in any other that France is a classic. If he gave to the best of his works a perfection of form it was in part because he rigidly excluded from them all those aspects of contemporary thought which are rebellious to such form. While others struggled to take some account of the complexities of modern science or the voluminous data of contemporary economics and were led, perforce, into a style as lacking in grace and simplicity as the materials with which they were compelled to deal, he was content to concern himself with nothing which could not be shaped into swelling sentences. His art he learned from the eighteenth-century masters, and he seldom disturbed their pattern by the introduction of anything which they had not used. Since the time of Petronius, since the time of Voltaire even, science has revealed many things which may at least be interpreted to support and amplify the nihilistic philosophy which he held, but his arguments and his illustrations are drawn almost invariably from sources which have been the common property of skeptics for centuries.

Biology and psychology in their modern developments were a closed book to him. Unlike the "moderns," so many of whom have turned against him, he never followed the spirit of the age by leaving even in imagination the library for the laboratory. The "Satyricon" and the "Philosophical Dictionary" contain the full arsenal of his weapons, and the suave irony which he wields is uncontaminated by any of the grotesqueries which biology and psychoanalysis have introduced. Voltaire, who would be as bewildered by Jean Cocteau as by Einstein, could read France without being aware that a century and a half had passed, for the world in which France lived is a world still essentially as simple as the world of his eighteenth-century masters—a world dominated by "reason" rather than by accumulated statistics or the results of innumerable experiments.

And if one turns from his sources to his implications it is equally true that he was, in a similar way, detached from his age. Not only his skepticism but his humanitarianism and his democracy were of an old-fashioned type. If he believed in "the people" his belief was, like that of Voltaire, based upon abstract considerations instead of being, like the belief of Bernard Shaw, somehow related to the voluminous compilations of Beatrice Webb—not one page of which France could ever have brought himself to read. And if he thought that he sympathized with the communists it was not because he, with his classic disdain of all enthusiasm, had the slightest comprehension of the ultra-modern religion of Moscow. The epicurean calm of his sumptuous study was remote by the distance of centuries from all the hurly-burly of economic doctrine which he left as severely alone as he left the intricacies of science. All that he felt the need to know had been written down in an age less concerned with details than the one in which he found himself, and he deliberately preferred the broad outlines of a simpler generation. Hence it is that while he has all the beauty of a classic he nevertheless seems to many of his more eager contemporaries in France as irritatingly remote from their age as Lucretius himself.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Crown Prince as Archivist

Ich Suche die Wahrheit. Von Wilhelm, Kronprinz. Stuttgart: Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger. 8 marks.

DURING the World War we became so habituated to reproductions of the German Crown Prince as a rabbit-faced imbecile with an IQ of 20 that few Americans were capable of imagining him as possessed of the slightest cerebration or literacy. He was deemed competent only for guinea-pig amorousities with opera stars safely behind the lines, after having ruthlessly ordered the flower of the German youth to engage in mass-suicide before the fortresses of Verdun. It was with great astonishment, then, that we were forced to discover in his memoirs perhaps the most attractive and plausible apology which emerged from the German official class after the war.

The present work is an effort to clear Germany of the indictment in Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, alleging her to have been solely responsible for the World War and the damages caused by it. Incidentally, it is directed against the official French apology contained in Bourgeois and Pagès's work on war guilt.

Once more it may be safely maintained that the Crown Prince has produced the best book of its kind executed by any member of the royal family or the official force of pre-war Germany. It is fully as objective and dispassionate as the works of Grey or Poincaré and infinitely more calm than those of Asquith or Viviani. No other official apology can in any way compare with it for evidence of scholarship and a mastery of a vast mass of relevant documents. While we cannot know how much of the work is that of the Crown Prince himself and how much was done for him by the willing hands of trained historical experts, the book is truly astonishing with respect to

its obvious mastery of the literature of war guilt. Not even the books of such technical scholars as Montgelas or Renouvin are able to demonstrate greater acquaintance with the latest collections of documents and the most indispensable monographs.

The facts available in these indisputable documents make it easy for Wilhelm to pulverize the conventional indictment of Germany contained in Bourgeois and Pagès. He proves the preposterous nature of the allegation that Germany willed war from the beginning of the 1914 crisis and pushed an unwilling Austria into the conflict. He also makes out a fairly convincing case for his thesis that Germany, far from desiring a European war in 1914, actually feared its outbreak. Thus far we can follow the Crown Prince with but few reservations. When, however, he attempts to prove that from 1870 to 1914 Germany was invariably desirous of peace and struggled vainly against envious neighbors, his arguments become less plausible and his documentation less irrefragable. Yet his contention is closer to the facts than the conviction, still all but universally entertained in Entente countries, that Germany was the unique wolf in a fold otherwise inhabited by the most meek and charming ewe lambs.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Oil Under the Water

Oil Imperialism. By Louis Fischer. International Publishers. \$2.

THIS is the story of how the big, bad oil companies, in great big, thundering voices, said "Boo!" to the poor little Soviet Republic, expecting it to wither at the blast, and how the poor little Soviet Republic answered in its thin, piping way: "We will, sirs, if you'll pay us enough." And of how in the end the bold, bad oil companies paid plenty. It is a true story, too, and a continuing story, current instalments of which can be read almost any week in the *Petroleum Times* and the *Oil News*.

Contemporary history need not have all the drama removed in the writing. I have on my shelves a great, dull book on the Genoa Conference of 1922 by a Mr. Saxon Mills, with a glowing introduction by the Right Honorable David Lloyd George. In all its four hundred pages it does not mention oil, and accordingly it tells less of the meaning of Genoa than Louis Fischer compresses into thirty colorful pages. For Genoa, like St. Remo, was an oil conference, though the officialized correspondents who reported it did not seem to know what oil smelled like; and one can almost say that most recent history has revolved about petroleum. Mr. Fischer's title is a bit broad for his subject, which is Russian and Persian oil, but, after all, they probably form more than half of the known oil resources of the world. And his story of Russian oil includes the explanation of that strange, wild expedition of British troops across the Caspian Sea in 1918; of the failure of Genoa; of the American-Japanese rivalry in the North Pacific, in which the United States, refusing officially to recognize the existence of Soviet Russia, nevertheless defended Soviet Russia's interest in the hope of keeping Japan from Saghalin's oil; of that ludicrous drama in which the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. (51 per cent owned by His Britannic Majesty's Government), the Standard Oil (adored by the Washington State Department), and Harry Sinclair played cards for Persia's favors—and all lost: and of many other minor dramas. And the end of the long story is that the oil companies, hoping (except Sinclair) some day to reevaluate the prerevolutionary titles that they had bought up cheap, all overreached themselves, and got exactly nowhere.

The great wise supermen of this super-business do not always know as much as they think they do. At Genoa the Soviet Government was willing and eager to persuade one of the oil giants to work its wells for it—but they, hoping to get everything for nothing, balked. They formed a beautiful International Committee of Oil Companies in Russia to defend together the sacred rights of private property, as understood in Russia before the revolution, but one by one they yielded

to temptation and dickered with the naughty Soviets for their several individual advantages. As usual, the high priests of private property set their own private profits above other people's private property. Meanwhile Russia, forced by their greed, set out to develop her oil wells herself, and discovered to her and their surprise, that she could do very well indeed at it. Last year she bought \$3,000,000 worth of oil machinery from the United States, spent \$46,000,000 on restoration, and paid for it out of the profits on her socialist experiment. Already she sells a quarter as much oil in England as the American companies do; she has her own selling agencies in Germany, Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia; and recently the Vacuum Oil, a subsidiary of the lordly Standard Oil, condescended to buy 70,000 tons of her oil—at her price. The attempt to boycott Russian oil, like the attempt to boycott Russia, has failed.

If you wish to understand the oleaginous subchannels of modern diplomacy—British, French, Russian, Japanese, and American—read "Oil Imperialism." Mr. Fischer has traced the course of diplomatic streams that were never intended to be mapped for the public. If too often, pleased by his discoveries, he notes with superabundant detail events which inevitably lose their significance in the time-consuming process of book publication—well, that is a lesser fault than the blindness of the official contemporary historians.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Toward a Synthesis

Psychology and Education. By Robert Morris Ogden. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

THIS is a markedly important book from several points of view. It offers the first clearly intelligible exposition in English of the new Gestalt psychology, it is pregnant with philosophical suggestion, and it fulfils the author's ambition to give "to the study of education a psychological background which commends itself as an orderly and systematic development of scientific principles derived from factual observations." The Gestalt psychology of Koffka, Koehler, and Ogden carries us a long step beyond the crude behaviorism of Watson and his followers. It is a study of human behavior as an active realization of patterns instead of as a passive accretion of chained reflexes. It finds that reflexes themselves are highly specialized partial responses which have been differentiated within an earlier total response. Furthermore, reflexes are not mechanical but dynamic and variable. "It is difficult," writes Professor Ogden, "to find a single instance of reflexive activity which is not in some measure self-regulatory." A fortiori, this is still more true of behavior as a whole. "The inherent features of behavior regulate and perfect their own pattern." Professor Ogden summons among other witnesses the wasp, the earth-worm, the amoeba, and, of course, Koehler's famous apes and chickens. Throughout his study he is guided by the idea of the self-realizing rhythmic pattern, form, or gestalt. With its assistance he is able to explain the perplexing phenomena of memory more adequately than was possible on the current association theory. In pre-rational stages, aesthetic feeling—the sense of rhythm, balance, proportion—is the internal criterion of successful or obstructed behavior. With the attainment of the power of abstraction new and artificial patterns are constructed, and behavior becomes largely a matter of the use of tools, of which words and numbers are the most important.

The educational implications of the new psychology are nothing short of revolutionary. If the child's evaluation of his own behavior is in terms of aesthetic feeling, then it is obvious that early education should be primarily aesthetic. What this would mean will be suggested by one of Professor Ogden's remarks: "Instead of struggling to teach oral and

written composition by the arid means of grammar, syntax, and rhetoric, we might, if we but knew how, cultivate the rhythms of speech as they appear spontaneously in childhood." Apply this all along the line and elementary and secondary education would be remade, subjects that are now regarded as "frills" would become basic, and new methods would be introduced everywhere. And with an adequate elementary education, higher education would inevitably be transformed to meet it.

The philosophical implications of Professor Ogden's book are almost equally important. The Gestalt psychology reaches out to what one might call the Gestalt physics of Professor Whitehead, and both are not distantly related to the revived Aristotelianism of the recent neo-scholastic movement in philosophy. With a rational psychology and a rational physics a rational philosophy would naturally follow. Professor Ogden's book is a notable contribution toward the new philosophic synthesis which is every day being more clearly foreshadowed.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

What Not to Do with Criminals

The Repression of Crime. By Harry Elmer Barnes. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

IN this volume Mr. Barnes draws upon his past experiences as historian to the Prison Inquiry Commission of New Jersey and to the Pennsylvania Commission to Investigate Penal Systems. He believes that the history of criminal procedure and penal practice constitutes one of the few phases of the study of the past which may be directly useful to the reformer, for the historian should be able, by indicating those practices which have signally failed in the past, to guard society against repeating its mistakes. He cites the present demand for increased severity in dealing with criminals as an indication of the lack of historical knowledge on the part of those making such demands.

The author, definitely committed to the psychiatric approach to problems of criminal behavior, strongly advocates the development of psychological examinations and the application of psychological technic to the retraining of the felon. However, he holds no brief for the prison; he traces its comparatively recent development from colonial times to the present and shows how its worst evils have grown out of tendencies of human nature which are as often pitiable as reprehensible. This is particularly effective in the case of the prison officials, who, as Mr. Barnes shows, are themselves victims of the system and prisoners in a very real sense, wielding over the other prisoners a power which it is very natural they should abuse. He points out that as we have given up the notion of man as a free moral agent and have come to accept human nature as the resultant of a vast number of influences, both hereditary and cultural, the old prison as an institution designed to furnish punishment to the criminal and the satisfaction of revenge to society has lost its place in modern criminal science. In its stead he anticipates the development of an institution for the examination, differentiation, treatment, segregation, or extermination of the socially sick or criminal class. The new system would insist upon the permanent segregation of those types whose reformation is obviously impossible; it would provide the most scientific treatment for those whose reformation appears possible, but would grant them permanent freedom only when parole had demonstrated the thoroughness of the cure; it would insist upon a vast improvement of detective systems, so that arrest and treatment would become much more swift and certain; and it would probably insist upon the desirability of a general inquisition and investigation of the whole population in order to discover those feeble-minded, psychoneurotic, or other types likely to be guilty of criminal conduct.

Historical chapters study the criminal codes and penal in-

stitutions of colonial times, the origin of the prison system in America, the place of the Pennsylvania Reform Society in American prison reform, leading phases of the evolution of modern penology, the evolution of American criminal jurisprudence as illustrated by the criminal code and penal legislation of Pennsylvania, and the development of prison industry. The folly of keeping prisoners in enforced idleness or of engaging them upon work the sole end of which is punitive, as in the infamous "crank labor," is pointed out. It is to be regretted that this chapter was not followed by a more specific consideration of the psychology of retraining and reformation through a genuine, rather than a spurious, occupational therapy.

The chapter on How Prisons Punish the Human Mind, while by no means exhaustive, offers an excellent introduction to the subject and might well be used in classes in penology. The chapter on Recent Literature presents in summary form the most authoritative findings in recent years, while in the chapter on Trial by Jury Mr. Barnes resigns his scientific detachment and presents his view with the gusto of *The American Mercury*. The conclusion is roundly stated:

A body of individuals of average or less than average ability who could not tell the truth if they wanted to, who usually have little of the truth to tell, who are not allowed to tell even all of that, and who are frequently instructed to fabricate voluminously and unblushingly. Present this largely worthless, wholly worthless, or worse than worthless information to twelve men who are for the most part unconscious of what is being divulged to them and would be incapable of an intelligent interpretation of the information if they heard it.

The program advocated at the end of the book involves provision for a thorough and accurate collection of criminal statistics, without which no intelligent attack upon the crime problem can be made; eugenic provisions to insure that future generations shall be as far as possible well born; adequate education, including instruction in the ideals of American citizenship, vocational education sufficient to provide every able-bodied citizen with the means of earning a living, and the training of backward children; provision for personal hygiene, adequate housing, and recreation; curbing of the exhibition of crimes in motion pictures; the development of adequate measures of apprehension and conviction of criminals; and the development of an ideal of reformation in the place of punishment.

LORINE PRUETTE

The Canary Islanders

The Ancient Inhabitants of the Canary Islands. By Earnest A. Hooton. The Harvard African Studies, Volume VII. Peabody Museum of Harvard University. \$15.

OUT in the Atlantic, off the coast of Africa and stretching across five degrees of longitude, lie the Canary Islands, which until the time of the early Spanish and Portuguese navigators constituted the end of the world. In these islands are several fairly distinct types of people. There are undecipherable writings on the rocks of some of the islands, there are several types of culture, there are linguistic differences. Where did these people come from? When, and in what succession? Were they Carthaginians, cruising for mercantile purposes? Or do the populations of these islands constitute a clue to the early history of Africa, the respective types representing the remnants of different migratory waves, the remnants of which in turn were forced by desperation off the mainland? The importance of the problems involved has attracted the attention of numerous scientists, and many hypotheses have been advanced. We have even been told that the islands represent the last remnants of the lost continent, Atlantis, and that here we have remains of the people who inhabited it—an assumption which, we are assured in the work under review, is untenable even from a geographical point of view.

Dr. Hooton's study is an exhaustive contribution to the prehistory of the islands achieved through analysis of a large collection of skulls located in the Municipal Museum of Santa Cruz de Tenerife, which he had the opportunity of examining and measuring on a field trip in 1915. Fortunately, Dr. Hooton is quite aware of the tentativeness of any conclusions arrived at and cautions us concerning the approximate nature of the culture-groups, morphological skull-types, and linguistic classes he differentiates. He finds that there were four invasions of the islands, the first occurring during the Neolithic Period with the appearance of a Mediterranean people with some Negroid admixture. They brought domesticated sheep and goats, and chipped stone and bone technic. Then came a second invasion, when pottery was common to North Africa and barley the only cultivated cereal. These people were brunette whites with Mongoloid features, and came from North Africa. About the same time the third group came, a tall, blond, long-headed people, warlike and athletic, with a caste system of warrior nobles and agricultural and pastoral retainers but with no new cultural features. These he terms "Nordic"; they came from the Atlas ranges of Algeria and Morocco. Finally, a fourth invasion was effected by a people of the Mediterranean type at the time of the Bronze Age in the Eastern Mediterranean. And Arabs and Berbers have completed the melange which is found today.

While Dr. Hooton has used mainly the cranial material which was at hand, he has not neglected the cultural and linguistic features which might shed some light toward the solution of his problem. His attempt to correlate physical with linguistic and cultural data is interesting, although I feel that the fortuitous way in which cultural and physical phenomena may be associated always makes this procedure dangerous. However, Dr. Hooton is well aware of the danger, and warns his readers repeatedly of it. His method, too, of tabulating the cultural traits and neatly referring to the percentages of the total number observed on each island gives a mechanical aspect to his conclusions and introduces a method more properly applicable to the measurement of exclusively physical traits.

The opening chapters are devoted to a résumé of what is known of the cultures of the islands and to a summing up of the traits in the table mentioned. From this table it appears that the sparsest culture (in terms of the traits recorded) is found in the islands lying farthest from the mainland, while those nearer have richer cultures. An attempt is made at a similar tabulation of the linguistic remnants of the early stocks which have survived, percentages being given of words affiliated with dialects and languages of the mainland. Here, I fear, the number of words is too small to make for any conclusive result, a point which is not denied by Dr. Hooton. He then goes into the material culture and the customs of each of the islands in some detail, and finally comes to a presentation of the cranial data which he analyzed, this comprising the main portion of the work.

The treatment of the crania measured is very thorough, and great pains have been taken so that every possible element should be included in the analysis. We first have a comprehensive description of the series in terms of the measurements taken, followed by a discussion of the inter-island differences. Then there is a summary of numerous observations—physical traits which are not measurable—and a similar comparison between islands. There follows a comparison between the Canary crania and recent European and North African series, with further statistical analyses at length and in detail, the resulting distinguishable types being called the "Guanche," "Nordic," and "Mediterranean." While these names are different from those given by other investigators, there is general agreement between Dr. Hooton's findings, if viewed broadly, and those made by others who have studied the material at

length. An interesting section is devoted to a discussion of the author's results compared with those which were arrived at for the same material by his colleague, Dr. Dixon, whose arbitrary method of classification as presented in his recent work on the racial history of man raised a storm of objections from his fellow-anthropologists. It is significant that this is the first work to check Dr. Dixon, but in spite of the willingness of Dr. Hooton to allow every point that would show favorably for his colleague's method the results of the two investigators do not seem to coincide.

We have here, then, a fascinating dissection of material which is well worth going through as an example of careful method and scientific procedure. Dr. Hooton displays a proper caution in drawing his sweeping generalizations. He does not hesitate to draw them, but when he does so he calls them generalizations; and always back of them are masses of data. Finally, one cannot but comment on the joy with which one handles this huge volume, with its excellent typography, its large margins, and its numerous drawings and plates. One may merely remark that the material is worthy of its setting.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Books in Brief

Fix Bayonets! By John W. Thomason, Jr. Illustrated by the Author. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

Those who like war will like Thomason's book—both its sardonic text and its hard, cruel sketches. Those who do not like war will merely admire the cool skill with which the Marines are here conducted through four terrible battles in France. In either case what the reader will find is the truth so far as battles are concerned. All the talk is about killing and being killed—Captain Thomason has no other subject. And surely no other is important, though many jolly war books have been published. It is to be hoped that this, probably the best of all American war books to date, will survive until the time when another war is being considered. For it proves that the number of ways in which the institution makes brutes of men is literally infinite.

The Life of Henry Howard Molyneux Herbert, fourth Earl of Carnarvon. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Hardinge. Oxford University Press. Three volumes. \$21.

Eton and Oxford, Eastern travels, a country home with sports, books, and "country work," entrance into wide public life in the House of Lords when 23, Under Secretary for the Colonies at 27, thirty full years of office, travel, literature, and dignified domesticity in the great Victorian age—such a life has nowhere else been possible, and now is hardly any longer possible in England. Thirty-five years after his death Lord Carnarvon has left scarce a mark in the memory of his countrymen. A fine independent conservative statesman of the second rank under Lords Derby, Beaconsfield, and Salisbury. Colonial Secretary and Viceroy of Ireland, he stands as one of the first promoters of federation within the British Empire. The present work will occupy a place on the shelf of reputable libraries, and will seldom leave it.

Karin Smirnoff: Strindbergs Första Hustru. Stockholm: Albert Bonnier.

"I never was unfaithful to your father"—thus spoke Siri von Essen to her older daughter; she was sitting in her home in Helsingfors. Siri von Essen was August Strindberg's first wife, the woman whom he maligned in his autobiographical novel "Le Plaidoyer d'un Fou," recently published in English under the title "The Confessions of a Fool." The book which August and Siri Strindberg's daughter, Karin Smirnoff, now has published thirteen years after the death of her parents is not in form a vindication of her mother's good name, but it is in fact a complete vindication. She speaks kindly of her father,

emphasizing his good nature and his interest in the welfare of his children when he was of sound mind. But it is very clear that his mind was not always sound. The first year of his wedded life coincided with Strindberg's democratic and socialistic period. His wife fully sympathized with these views, but she could not follow him when he became imbued with Nietzschean ideas. The latter period followed closely upon his trial for blasphemy, instituted after the publication of "Giftas, I." The shock produced by this was profound; and his whole mental and emotional life was changed so that he became insanely jealous and suspicious of his wife. Karin Smirnoff's book supplements the picture of Strindberg which he has given to the world in his various autobiographical novels.

A German-English Dictionary. By Herman C. G. Brandt. G. E. Stechert and Company. \$5.

Professor Brandt's dictionary was ready for publication in 1915, but the war interrupted the typesetting, and the author continued to revise his manuscript till within a few weeks of his death, in December, 1920. The book, now at last published, is no mere compilation, but the lifework of an admirable scholar. The vocabulary includes about 70,000 words; the English renderings are precise; technical apparatus is reduced to the minimum; the pages are not cluttered with superfluous matter. Most of the articles are very brief, but the longer ones present an abundance of information with great skill. The printing and mechanical arrangement of the dictionary are perfect.

History of Economic Progress in the United States. By W. W. Jennings. T. Y. Crowell Company. \$4.50.

A story of the background against which American political development has taken place is well worth writing. It has never yet been adequately done, save for certain areas and short spaces of time, and then the results have usually been hidden away in formidable monographs. It may be that research has not yet gone far enough, for book after book comes from the presses, each repeating the other and each failing to furnish the whole picture we should like to have. Nor is it to be found in Mr. Jennings's book, which is singularly inadequate in illumination. If what is wanted is all the information concerning American commerce, population, and industry that can be got into a single volume, there is probably no better book than this; but to expect college students—and it is professedly a text—to take to its data with avidity is to expect the impossible.

New Values in Child Welfare. The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. September, 1925. \$1.

The authors of the articles appearing in this issue of the *Annals* are persons trained in various ways and with much experience. Authorities in the fields of health, delinquency, accident prevention, family case work, settlement work, and child placing have all brought their thinking to bear on the problem of children. They are not engaging in a technical discussion, nor are they attempting to set their remarks into any rigid scheme marked out by the editor. It is this informality which enables them to speak frankly, spontaneously, and vigorously. The entire discussion is marked by a distinct impatience with the old methods and a desire to venture further and try new methods.

The World of the Incas. A Socialistic State of the Past. By Otfried von Hanstein. Translated by Anna Barwell. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

It would appear that there is hardly need for a new book on this subject unless some fresh material could be offered. There seems to be nothing new in the present volume, although the subject is broadly treated in a convenient and condensed

form. The author refers to Squier's not being able to find bottom in Lake Titicaca even at a depth of one hundred fathoms. Squier's rope should have been 292 feet longer.

Excavations. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The decadent temper with its flair for details, with its preoccupation with the minor and the eccentric, is, in this volume of essays on Ouida, Machen, Saltus, Firbank, and others, held in clear solution for the inspection of the curious in such matters. Mr. Van Vechten's nonchalant and bookish survivors of the saffron decade will, it is to be presumed, have about them perennially a dim charm—that slightly ridiculous allure which resides in every anachronism. One study, that of Oscar Hammerstein, beautifully because simply written, is valuable as biography and moving as characterization.

The R. P. A. Annual and Ethical Review. London: The Rationalist Press Association.

The Rationalist Press Annual is devoted to the cause of intellectual progress. The contributors are men of international fame. They discuss authoritatively and urbanely such topics as The Triumph, Evolution, The Rationalism of Anatole France, and the Causes of Evolution. The last is from the facile pen of J. B. S. Haldane, whose treatment of a highly controversial subject is a model of cogency and succinctness.

Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs. Collected in Aberdeenshire by the late Gavin Greig and edited by Alexander Keith. Aberdeen: The Buchan Club.

A worthy appendix to the five great volumes of Child. Aberdeenshire has always been particularly rich in ballad-versions, and in this volume she takes her final stand. The editor in his introduction makes an interesting and convincing defense of Peter Buchan's much-maligned collection of 1828.

Voltaire. By Richard Aldington. **Gogol.** By Janko Lavrin. **Pushkin.** By Prince D. S. Mirsky. (The Republic of Letters.) E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50 each.

Three volumes in a new and promising series of critical biographies. Mr. Aldington's, much the best of the three, tells the amazing story of Voltaire's life with remarkable economy yet with vivid plenitude of detail; and concludes with a sensible estimate of Voltaire's importance in the various fields of his activity. The volumes on Gogol and Pushkin survey the two pillars—of different construction but of equal importance—beneath modern Russian literature. Neither study is quite satisfactory, though both as pioneers are to be welcomed.

Not Poppy. By Virginia Moore. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.75.

"Such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights," and wielded in an idiom at once accurately personal and deft, is nevertheless insufficient to sustain the reader's attention; Miss Moore's poetry, interesting enough in a first few poems, is in bulk *invention* carried to convention; it becomes the exposure of its own device. The subject matter is erotic disturbance. Any subject matter persisting in art with intrinsic value is vulgarity.

Systems of Public Welfare. By Howard W. Odum and D. W. Willard. The University of North Carolina Press. \$2.

A straightforward account of the legislative attempts that have been made in the United States to preserve the healing human touch in all charitable undertakings without sacrificing efficiency.

Que Francia explique. Buenos Aires: Editora Internacional.

This is a Spanish translation of Frederick Bausman's "Let France Explain," supplemented by recent data intended to bring the work down to date.

International Relations Section

The French Activities in Syria

By NAZMIE H. ANABTAWY

SUBSEQUENT to the bombardment of Damascus in October, 1925, the appointment of M. Henry de Jouvenel, the first civil head of the French administration in Syria, implied an acknowledgment of the faults of his predecessors. At once the Syrian Nationalists began to build castles in the air, founded on the hope that the new High Commissioner would bring peace to Syria.

M. de Jouvenel faced the problem that the presence of France in Syria as the mandatory was against the wishes of the people and was therefore the primary reason for Syrian dissatisfaction. In theory the mandate system was evolved for the benefit of peoples who have reached such a degree of civilization that their independence may be provisionally recognized, but who, because of lack of experience in self-government, need the aid of a powerful nation to set them on their feet. But in fact the mandate carried out secret treaties previously negotiated between France and England. M. Poincaré admitted in the Chamber of Deputies in 1923 that "since 1912 we have had an understanding with the British regarding Syria." In 1916 this understanding was put into definite terms in an agreement called the Sykes-Picot Treaty, which awarded Syria to France. This treaty violates earlier promises made to the Arabs by Great Britain, pledging the recognition, at the end of the war, of the independence of the Arabian territories within the Turkish Empire, in consideration of their assistance to the Allies. In 1918 France and England confirmed these promises in a joint proclamation, although the policy proclaimed was inconsistent with the Sykes-Picot Treaty of two years before.

The idea of mandates innocently introduced by President Wilson gave France and Great Britain an opportunity to legalize their agreement. At that time it was decided by the Powers that each should send a commission to investigate the wishes of the people. France and England abstained, and the United States was the only Power to comply with the decision. The King-Crane Commission submitted an exhaustive report to the Department of State in Washington, holding in effect that the unanimous wish of the people was in favor of complete independence. In case the Powers were not ready to recognize such independence and the imposition of a mandate was inevitable, the commission warned against giving the Syrian mandate to France, since the Syrians explicitly refused the French. Yet, despite the terms of Article XXII of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which provides that the wishes of the people be taken into account, despite the promises given to the Syrians, and despite the warnings of the American Commission, the mandate was allocated to France in April, 1920.

No sooner had France undertaken the Syrian mandate than the affairs of the country became seriously involved. The introduction of paper money, subject to the barometric fluctuation of the franc, and the policy of exporting gold paralyzed finance and depressed commerce. Average earning-power became inadequate to meet average expenses. The government departments, especially that of justice,

were soon nests of corruption. Ordinances issued daily by French officers violated individual rights which are recognized in all civilized countries. Villages, towns, and cities were completely destroyed by gun and airplane bombardment. Thousands of acres of agricultural lands were laid waste by military operations. The country suffered losses which can never be recouped in one generation. This was the situation which M. de Jouvenel had to face.

In Paris, after the bombardment of Damascus, M. de Jouvenel endeavored to vindicate the French intentions. His statements in the press encouraged Syrian nationalists in Europe, Egypt, and Syria to meet him and present their demands. Emir Shekib Arslan, the representative of the Syrian Nationalists in Europe, made the following proposals:

1. Syria should enjoy complete independence, with the rights and privileges of a *de jure* government and with membership in the League of Nations.

2. Lebanon should have an administration of its own, provided a plebiscite be held among the inhabitants of the territories ceded to it in 1920, to determine whether they retain their present status or revert to Syria. The territories referred to are Tyre, Sidon, Marhouyoun, Rasheya, Hasbeiya, Tripoli, and Balaback Elbakaa.

3. Syria should be recognized as a single state. (It is now divided into many provinces with local legislative bodies.)

4. As a corollary to her independence, Syria should enjoy the right to political representation by diplomatic agents.

5. In recognition of the French interests in Syria, and to replace the present mandate, Syria would agree to a thirty-year treaty granting France certain economic privileges in preference to other countries.

Negotiations with Syrian Nationalists in Egypt added to these demands two precautions: that the treaty to be entered into must define the relations of the parties to it, expressly abolishing the mandate, and would not be binding until ratified by the Syrian Parliament; and that the army of occupation must withdraw as soon as a provisional government, pending the formation of a *de jure* government, could be established.

As a practical plan to end the war, nationalist organizations were in agreement on the following suggestions: Negotiations should be entered into with the leaders of the revolution, defining conclusively the international relations of Syria on the basis of national sovereignty. A treaty should state the conditions for the withdrawal of the army of occupation, the time limit of the mandate, and the relation of the mandatory power to the state of Syria. It was suggested also that a convention be summoned to draw up a constitution for Syria. France would submit the agreement to the League, expressing her willingness to concede all the terms, and ratification by the League would be final.

Presented with these propositions, M. de Jouvenel repeatedly evaded any conclusive answer. But when he reached Damascus he announced that all Nationalists should surrender arms unconditionally within a specified period, and proceed with elections. This counter-proposal failed to satisfy the Nationalists, chiefly because it offered no definition of the limits of mandatory power. The Syrians turned to Geneva, with a request that the League of Na-

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tions send an impartial commission to study the situation. The request was disregarded.

In the meantime M. de Jouvenel was not idle. First, he authorized the election (except in Damascus, which is in the Jebel Druze territory) of provincial legislative bodies. Each legislature was empowered to decide its own political relations with its neighbors. Thus any state could declare independence of the others. This is easily arranged by a slight interference with the elections, and it naturally puts an end to the national aspirations of a centralized government. But the measure was unsuccessful.

M. de Jouvenel next made an agreement with Turkey, relinquishing the Syrian district of Alexandretta as a buffer zone on the north. His predecessor, General Gouraud, had already surrendered Cilicia to Turkey without consulting the League. The effect of these arrangements is to isolate Syria. Following the agreement with Turkey, by which the northern boundaries were protected against possible interference, M. de Jouvenel turned his attention to the British in Palestine, and to King Ibn Saud of the Nejd and Hejaz. It is not yet known what terms he arrived at with Great Britain. The negotiations with Ibn Saud were unsuccessful.

Finally, M. de Jouvenel resorted to public sentiment to smash the Nationalists. He appointed Ahmed Nami Bey, a Circassian, as "President of Syria," with a Ministry composed partly of recognized personalities and partly of renegades. The program of the Ministry, though vague, was drawn up for its effect on public psychology, and on his arrival in Damascus de Jouvenel was actually greeted by a small crowd demonstrating its delight over this apparent concession to national aspirations. It did not take long for the truth to become known. Three members of the Ministry were sent to exile because of their refusal to accept the dictation of the French authorities. The Ministry was then dissolved on the ground of "lack of harmony."

It is clear that M. de Jouvenel did not go to Syria with the intention either of ending the war or of considering the Syrian demands. Rather did he intend, with the use of both political and military skill, to smash Syrian nationalism. Fighting to the bitter end does not solve problems. As a result of the French mandate over Syria a great part of the land is reduced to ashes. It is time for France to concede the justice of the Syrian claim for freedom.

The Propaganda War in China

IN a recent letter addressed to the Chinese Acting Foreign Minister, the Soviet Ambassador to China, Mr. L. M. Karakhan, denied a report that Soviet troops were being dispatched to Kalgan.

I am in receipt of your letter of June 11th, in which you draw my attention to the report in the newspapers to the effect that 8,000 troops of the Soviet Union have been dispatched to Kalgan apparently to assist the Kuominchun.

I wish most emphatically to deny this report; it is false and slanderous. There are no Soviet troops on the territory of China—not 8,000, not 1,000, nor even five. The newspaper report to which you refer is a pure invention circulated, first, for the purpose of rousing hostility against the U.S.S.R., and, secondly, to provide the imperialists with a pretext to increase their forces in China.

Recently, the foreign press in China and that section of the

Chinese press, happily a small one, which champions the interests of the foreigners rather than the interests of China, have been engaged in the extensive fabrication of lying information concerning the U.S.S.R. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to refute all the ridiculous inventions that are circulated through these channels; as, for example, that we have dispatched troops to Kalgan, that we have concluded an alliance with Feng Yhsiang, that we have provided the latter with millions of money that we have bribed students, etc. . . .

It is now clear to all the world that the campaign of lies directed against the U.S.S.R.—but now subsiding—was conducted by the imperialists as a means of saving their position in China. The method appeared to be a very simple one: that seemed necessary was to show that the U.S.S.R. was conducting an imperialist policy. This would lead to the opinion that the U.S.S.R. and the other imperialists were all birds of the same feather. Consequently, it would logically follow that no other policy could be adopted toward China than an imperialist policy; that these were the natural relations between China and the rest of the world.

This kind of logic is easily refuted, however, by comparing the Sino-Soviet Treaty with China's treaties with all the other countries. The lies and slanders let loose by the section of the press hostile to the U.S.S.R. are but transient; the treaty and policy of the U.S.S.R. are permanent, unchangeable things; consequently, the ruse of the imperialists must fail.

With regard to the fear you express that, if it is true that 8,000 Soviet troops are proceeding to Kalgan, it will induce other Powers to dispatch troops to China, permit me to assure you that there are no Soviet troops, either at Kalgan or at Urga or anywhere on Chinese territory; and permit me to assure you also that we will never provide anyone with a pretext for giving justification to your fears.

Peking, June 17

L. M. KARAKHAN

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